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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE United States Senate is, as we go to press, still sweating over the four-Power treaty, and thereby doing its best to promote the monstrous fiction that public treaties are made in good faith and that the Governments which ratify them have any intention of respecting them. This paper has already given a fairly detailed account of the treaties made concerning Morocco, and what came of them. Last week we published a sketch of the famous Netherlands treaties of 1831 and 1839, showing the circumstances of their origin, the conflicting interpretations put upon them, and the oscillations of British foreign policy with reference to them. Now we urgently invite the attention of such of our readers as still have confidence in public treaties and in the intentions of those who make them, to the following facts.

FIVE years ago, the Dominican Republic was a party to two treaties with the United States, and had infringed neither of them. It was a sovereign State, so recognized since 1884, and at peace with the world. In 1916, President Wilson, in direct violation of one of the Dominican treaties, without notice to the Dominican Government; without recourse to established diplomatic methods or formalities; without regard to the rights of Santo Domingo as a sovereign State, ordered a part of the United States navy to go to Santo Domingo, to land marines, seize the Government and subjugate the people. Thereupon followed the customary excesses, abuses, tortures, cruelties and murders; invasions of private rights with destruction or injury to personal and corporate property; censorships, repressions and annulment of personal civil rights; and for five years this policy has been maintained in Santo Domingo, and it is maintained there now.

MEN and brethren, what do treaties amount to? President Wilson's act of war against the Dominican Republic was in flagrant, scandalous and wholly unprovoked violation of treaties existing between the Republic and the United States. Not only so: it was in violation of the Constitution of the United States; of a resolution proposed by the United States and adopted at the third Hague conference; of the United States Government's own definition of the Monroe Doctrine; of all established principles of international law; and of the fourteenth of President Wilson's own famous Fourteen Points. It was an act of

sheer, deliberate and outrageous robbery, and nothing else can be made of it. Very well: if two treaties, the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, the Hague tribunal, the Fourteen Points and the whole body of international law, are not enough to stand between a buccaneering American President and his imperialist adventures, what chance has the ramshackle four-Power treaty against anyone who may have, or may think he has, the power to break it? Nonsense! As long as imperialism lives, no international agreement is worth the paper it is written on; and as long as the private monopoly of natural resources compels the exportation of capital, so long will imperialism exist.

ANYONE who has once witnessed the barnyard operation of "drenching" a colt, is not likely to forget how the critter's spraddly legs tremble, and its eyes film with terror, as the farmer throws its head back, jams the neck of a beer-bottle down its throat, and "offers" it (so to speak) a fine dose of medicine. It is a long time since we were last present at such a performance, but the picture comes back to us quite clearly when we read that American bankers have "offered" a loan to Haiti. They have—just as a hunter offers buckshot to a rabbit; just as the marines have offered violent death to 2500 Haitian natives (Major Turner's estimate) since the American occupation began, about seven years ago.

THE treaty which gives the form of legality to the American control of the "Republic" was ratified by the Haitian Congress under protest, and after the control itself had been established by force. The first session of the Congress to meet after the acceptance of the treaty, was dispersed by American troops. The Constitutional convention was broken up in a similar fashion. The Constitution now in force was elaborated in executive circles, and adopted, without discussion, in an oral plebiscite conducted under the supervision of American marines. The receiver-general of the customs and his assistants, the officers of the constabulary, and the technical supervisors of public works are appointed by the American Government, and the American High Commissioner in the island operates under secret instructions which President Harding has recently refused to communicate to the Senate, on the ground that it would not be compatible with public interest. About all that we can do under the circumstances is to wait around, as Mark Twain said, and "cord up the dead"; and yet our sense of decency forces us to protest against the implication of voluntary acceptance, which inheres in the statement that anything whatever has been "offered" to a country that has been forcibly drawn and quartered, and made into Hamburger steak, in the cause of American imperialism.

M. POINCARE has asked M. Loucheur to retract the statement he made at Lyons to the effect that France would not be able to pay any of the money she owes us. "In my opinion," so the statement ran, "we can never repay one sou to America." Though confession of this kind may be good for the soul of a French Minister of Finance, it is certainly not good for that of his Prime Minister, whose position is, to say the least, extremely difficult. M. Poincaré puts the matter from his point of view with a charming simplicity. "The position of France is simple. She owes. She does not wish nor intend to repudiate. She will pay. She will pay when she can." Just so—when she can; but when, approximately, might that be? That

is the point raised by M. Loucheur, and M. Poincaré does not meet it. Probably M. Loucheur would cordially agree that France will pay when she can, and so would we, but the crux of M. Loucheur's statement is in his opinion that she never can.

M. POINCARÉ's rebuttal is all very well for those who can be satisfied with that kind of thing, but M. Loucheur, who as a man of affairs, probably is better informed than M. Poincaré and is probably also a little freer to say what he thinks, tells us quite clearly that France will never be able to pay anything, short of the Greek Kalends. Moreover, he takes cognizance of the fact that, if France were in a position to pay anything, she can pay only in goods, and the American tariff would effectively interfere with her export of goods. Precisely so. France may be able to pay, as M. Poincaré seems to think; or unable, as M. Loucheur thinks; but the one certain thing is that try as she may, she can not surmount our tariff. France may become as rich as soap-grease; but she can never pay us as long as we refuse to accept her commodities.

THE demand of the American Government for the payment of the sum due for the expense of keeping the American troops in the Rhineland has driven M. Stephen Lauzanne, the editor of the *Matin*, to try his hand at arithmetic. In footing up the bill of sums owing to America by France, he finds that the total advances amount to over three billion dollars, and that "not one cent has crossed the Atlantic. All the money was spent in the United States." Possibly; but the goods crossed the Atlantic, and the goods are what count, in our estimation, although if it is any consolation to the editor of the *Matin* to believe that a debt for goods is of less consequence than a debt for cash, it is not for us to deprive him of it. He tells us "the American money has supported only American and English bankers, American munition-makers, American railways, and American millers." But we know all this. We knew it all along, and we should like to ask M. Stephen Lauzanne what on earth he thought the war was for. Surely he, of all people, knows that munitions of war are not provided by philanthropists. Munition-makers may be patriotic, but we have always found that in war and in peace they believe in doing business on a cash basis.

SOMEBODY had to pay the bankers, the railways, the millers, and the munition-makers, and up to the present, the people who have paid them are American taxpayers who must now tolerate the refunding of debts, in the face of the fact that our Treasury must meet its obligations. When M. Lauzanne complains of the charges made by American senators to the effect "that France sought to support her civil and military institutions with the money lent by America," and tells us that "not one cent crossed the Atlantic," he must not expect any but the putty-headed variety of American taxpayer to be much impressed. The fact that is boring its way into the adamantine texture of our "best minds" is that France, since she received the goods, has maintained the largest standing army that a Western Power has ever maintained on a peace-foothing, and that it would have been impossible for France to indulge in this orgy of militarism if she had been obliged to pay the interest on the three billion dollars which represent goods sent over by American taxpayers during the war. M. Lauzanne can not have it both ways. If the American Government had not been so sentimental about this matter, and had insisted on stricter business dealings, France would have been in a far better financial position than she is to-day and Europe would have been on the road to recovery.

WE have often wondered what has become of those clever people who during the war developed the art of camouflage to such an extent that they could render a battleship practically invisible at a hundred yards and could make a battery of Big Berthas look like a party of United States senators having a picnic in a wood. The other day we

hit upon an explanation of the mystery. We firmly believe that these skilful craftsmen are now all at work on the financial pages of our great newspapers, applying the principles of their craft to the grim facts of international finance. Despite the exercise of their utmost skill, however, certain disagreeable things are constantly finding their way into print; thus during the last week we have managed to detect the following items: In France the yield of indirect taxes and revenues for February, amounting to about a billion francs, is 241 million francs below estimates (the deficit for January was ninety-nine million and for December thirty-nine million). In Poland during February alone the Government emitted seven and a half billion marks of new money, and the Bulgarian Government has just authorized the engraving of four billion leva of paper money to help it on its way. Italy is in the throes of a general business depression with 542,000 unemployed (as against 110,000 a year ago) and is facing a heavy deficit which is being met by the Government in the good old way of increasing the floating debt. British trade-returns for February show imports down by twenty-seven millions sterling and exports by ten millions when compared with the figures of a year ago—and so it goes. But the financial editors with one accord agree with Pippa that morning's at seven and the hill-side's dew-pearl'd and so presumably all's right with the world.

ALTHOUGH we hope that the quarrel between the Irish Free Staters and the Republicans will be soon settled, we do not care two pins which way the decision falls. The ideal degree of political freedom for Ireland would be, we think, just the degree necessary to clear the minds of the people most completely of political matters. The impositions of England made this clearance permanently impossible, and accordingly we have long hoped to see these impositions removed. It seems to us that the Free State is free enough for all practical purposes; but here, of course, the only opinion that counts for anything is the opinion of the Irish themselves. If they continue to dispute with one another about the degree of their political freedom, this quarrel will serve quite as well as the old one with England to distract attention from the operations of the privilegee, and to make the achievement of economic freedom impossible.

WITH the help of Boers and blacks, the British Government of South Africa seems to have gotten the British miners in its bailiwick once more under control. The Dutchmen of the veldt are ardent nationalists, when foreign concessionaires are on the march, and certainly no one blames them for that; but let the striking mine-workers threaten, even remotely, the system of privilege, and a gentle scratch shows that the Boer landlord and the British mine-owner are brother monopolists, under the skin. With the blacks, the case is different. Their partnership with the Boer and British privilegees in this quarrel is a partnership of masters and slaves, against a comparatively small group of half-free men. It is the old story of both ends against the middle; and the half-free white artisans are themselves partly to blame for making the alignment what it is. They could not pry the two groups of monopolists apart with a crowbar, but they might have done something to draw the blacks into the camp of organized labour. If they have ever made any such sacrifice of their own race-prejudice, we do not happen to have heard of it.

THE Indian revolution is following so closely in the footsteps of the Irish revolution that there is little mental exercise involved in guessing what the finish will be. The British authorities have now decided to lock Mr. Gandhi up for six years. We seem to remember that something of the same sort was done with the leaders of rebellion in Ireland, and that as fomenters of sedition, those leaders proved to be even more effective in jail than they had been out of it. So, in all probability, will Mr. Gandhi in jail gain two followers where Mr.

Gandhi out of jail gained one. It is significant in this connexion that the working committee of the all-India congress has already adopted a resolution declaring that Mr. Gandhi's arrest has considerably advanced the cause of the Caliphate and that of home rule; and that the programme of civil disobedience recently outlined at Bardoli will be carried out without alteration. It seems strange that no amount of experience ever teaches Governments that there is a stage of revolution at which the martyrdom of revolutionary leaders becomes of immense practical value to their cause. But perhaps one should not be too hard on Governments. The only effective means against rebellion is justice, and since justice involves self-destruction, they are obliged to do the best they can with imprisonment, arson and murder without stint or limit, if they wish to maintain themselves in power.

THE new native Government of Egypt, as one correspondent rather humorously remarked, lost no time in showing that it knew the proper relationship between Government and governed, when it sent troops to end the riotous celebrations of the populace in honour of their new-found freedom. The Provisional Government of the Irish Free State also shows that it needs little schooling in the tricks of its trade. Only lately the dispatches had it that the Provisional Government had forbidden the proposed convention of the Republican army, for fear that the convention might decide to support Mr. de Valera and his followers against the Free State agreement. Turning to the "liberated" nations of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, one finds emancipated Governments, so to speak, but of emancipated peoples there is no sign; and the same thing may be said of both Germany and Austria under the Socialist regime of the last three years. Thus it is apparent that purely political changes in government, whether from foreign to native rule, or from one kind of native rule to another kind, contribute very little to the cause of freedom. Such failures are discouraging, perhaps, but they have great educational value, showing, as they do, that the more political government changes, the more it is the same thing; and that however advantageous the shifting of political power may be to certain interested groups of people, for the immense majority of the tax-ridden and badgered citizenry it costs a great deal more than it is worth.

If by some miracle, the weight of circumstance could be lifted, and the Negroes of the United States could be left scot-free to choose for themselves the future course of their cultural development, they would be obliged to decide whether they would emphasize that which is general and human, or that which is particular and racial. As a matter of fact, no group of men is ever altogether free to make a choice of this sort, nor is the denial of freedom ever quite complete. As one examines the pages of some of the periodicals published by American Negroes, one is impressed with the fact that many members of this race have already decided quite definitely which of these two ideals—the human or the racial—they will serve. For instance, in the *Southern Workman* for February, one discovers an article on "Negro Literature for Negro Children," in which the writer says: "Every teacher in a coloured school is a missionary. More than the mere instilling of so much knowledge into the heads of the pupils, must he or she teach many other things, character through pride of race being one of the greatest." Then follow brief references to the writings of Aesop, Dumas, Pushkin, Booker Washington and Frederick Douglass; and finally there comes a kind of pledge which runs as follows: "Assuredly we will teach our boys and girls, not only their own history and literature, but works by their own authors."

IN direct conflict with this race-bound attitude is that exhibited in an editorial in the February number of the *Messenger*, another Negro periodical. Here the editor

protests vigorously against the importation of the race-question into the field of music, and the artificial restriction of the Negro's studies to the productions of his own people. "Other musicians," he says, "are not confined to German, Russian, Austrian, Italian, French, English or American music. Music is universal. . . . Still if the Negroes are to get music—and have that music patronized by wealthy donors—they must pledge themselves not to pursue the whole scope of the subject. Against this prescription, some groups of Negroes are valiantly fighting."

ALTHOUGH we have little to add to these two statements, representative as they are of two opposite attitudes towards the things of the spirit, it may still be profitable to point out that while the first of our writers joyfully accepts the limitations of an ill-assorted literature that is for the most part quite unrecognizable as a racial product, the second commentator rebels against the restrictions imposed by a rich and varied music which fulfills much more completely than does Negro literature, the ideal of the cultural separatist. This circumstance helps us to emphasize the point that the operation of the instinct of the herd in cultural matters does not depend entirely upon the quality of the racial or national culture which is the object of special devotion. When any standards other than those of a universal humanity are recognized in this field—when the Negro reads Dumas, rather than Dostoevsky, because the former was of Negro descent, while the latter was not—the group which suffers most is, naturally, the one that is most poorly provisioned for the siege. On the other hand, it is plain enough that the devotees of a most opulent culture often feed upon its lesser products, to the exclusion of foreign works of a finer quality. The American Negro starves himself as a human being, when he sets group-loyalty above humanity; but so does the French Academician who is a Frenchman first, and a humanist only afterwards.

LEGISLATORS make statutes as a butcher makes sausages; no output, no income. Hence it is perfectly natural that no assemblyman should be able to conceive of any method of damming up a flood of objectionable legislation, except by heaving a few more statutes into the stream. Naturally we do not expect much good to come out of this method of doing business; and yet we can not help but feel sympathy for a certain Mr. Hackenburg, who has tried to persuade the Assembly of New York State to legislate itself more or less out of a job. The gentleman in question has proposed "an act to amend the penal law, in relation to the crime of hypocrisy." This sounds like an invitation to the assemblymen to send themselves to jail, and indeed a retroactive application of the statute would certainly leave the present legislature without a quorum. In the proposed bill, the "crime of hypocrisy" is so defined as to include the public advocacy, "for pay, hire, [or] reward, . . . of any legislative measure calculated to infringe upon and restrain the free exercise of personal liberty." If this does not catch the politicians who are playing the Puritan voters for re-election, it is only because political office is not properly a "reward," but a punishment.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A FEW FACTS FOR EDITORS.

THIS paper seldom engages in controversy, holding it to be a highly unprofitable exercise. Moreover, we do not, as a rule, take the editorial pages of our major daily contemporaries too seriously, knowing full well under what exigencies they are written, and having, we trust, a kindly regard for the miserable fate of the writers who must meet those exigencies. Sometimes, however, we feel obliged to discuss some extraordinarily gross and scandalous misstatement or perversion of fact, such as those which we now have reluctantly to put before our readers, promising them to be as brief and explicit as circumstances permit.

A recent issue of the New York *Tribune* contained the following editorial comment on a review which had appeared a few days earlier in the *Freeman*, from the pen of Professor Charles A. Beard:

Russia was a weak Power after the Russo-Japanese War, and that weakness was taken advantage of by Vienna. Russia was still weak in a military sense in 1914—far too feeble to have any hopes of breaking up the Dual Monarchy and the Triple Alliance by an offensive against them. The Triple Alliance existed, but it was defensive in character, not offensive. France was poorly prepared for war. Great Britain wasn't prepared at all, except at sea.

Who started the war? Austria-Hungary attacked Serbia, after presenting an ultimatum based on the fact that the Austro-Hungarian heir-apparent had been assassinated on Austro-Hungarian soil by an Austro-Hungarian subject. Russia protested and declared partial mobilization. Germany, thoroughly prepared for war, then mobilized and declared war on Russia.

In the brief negotiations preceding the war Germany was the chief factor in preventing a diplomatic settlement of the Serbian question. Austria-Hungary struck the first blow—at Serbia—but hesitated to go further. Germany struck the second blow, bringing in Russia and France, and the third blow at Belgium, bringing in Great Britain. The two Teuton Powers were so plainly the aggressors that their associate, Italy, rightly held herself absolved from the obligations of the Triple Alliance.

Isvolsky and other Russian diplomats may have looked forward with some satisfaction to a European war. The Tsar did not. The Russian Government didn't begin the war. Nor did the Triple Entente will the war. It certainly wasn't ready for it when it came. Germany had been laboriously keyed up to the great venture. These are the plain facts of history. They can not be altered by scattering evidence that some of the Entente leaders felt that the German attack could not long be staved off and were beginning in a loose way to organize against it.

The *Tribune* states in the first paragraph of the foregoing comment that Russia was, in 1914, weak in a military sense, and that France was poorly prepared for war. According to official statements in the British House of Commons in 1913, the military establishments of France and Russia comprised 2,025,572 effectives, while those of the Teutonic Powers comprised 1,295,607. The annual expenditure for military and naval purposes on the eve of the war was £187 million by the Franco-Russian combination and £84 million by the Teutonic combination. Here are the amounts spent on new naval construction alone, by France, Russia and Germany, in 1913 and 1914:

	France	Russia	Germany
1913	£ 8,893,064	12,082,516	11,010,883
1914	£11,772,862	13,098,613	10,316,264

France and Russia were bound by an alliance and by military and naval conventions, dating from August, 1892, whereby a mobilization on the part of Russia should be understood as equivalent to a declaration of war! For twenty-two long years the French and Russian staffs were kept in collaboration on plans for war

on both fronts. In 1912 the great Russian commander, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch, went to France and accompanied by M. Millerand and a group of French officers, canvassed the east front of France and saw how the German army was to be drawn down through Belgium. In 1913 General Joffre and his staff visited Petersburg and put finishing touches on the co-operative designs. On 10 September of the same year, the London *Times* observed that "by general consent the Russian army has never been in a better condition." Early in 1914 the Russian military branch informed the civil branch that it was "ready." On 13 June, 1914, the official news-organ of the Russian War Office published an article under the caption, "Russia is ready: France must be ready."

The *Tribune* says further, in the same paragraph, that England was not prepared at all except at sea. The fact is that England's army-expenditure on the eve of the war was £28 million or £4 million more than Austria's. Lord Haldane was Minister of War from 1905 to 1912. In his post-war testimony given before the Coal Commission, he said that during those seven years he had made complete and minute plans for landing British forces on the Continent in the event of war. Full arrangements for this had been made with France and Belgium. The chairman of the Coal Commission asked Lord Haldane how long it took the War Office to get the men across the Channel, and got the reply: "A very few hours . . . the giving of the orders took only a few minutes; everything was prepared years before."

The next news from the *Tribune's* wonderland is that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was based on the fact that the Austrian Archduke was murdered on Austro-Hungarian soil by an Austro-Hungarian subject. We can not possibly make this out. If the Austro-Hungarian heir-apparent had been killed on Austro-Hungarian soil by an Austro-Hungarian subject, why under the sun should Austria-Hungary address to Serbia an ultimatum on the subject? If the Prince of Wales were murdered to-day in India by an Irishman, why should the British Government send an ultimatum about it to Sweden? What editing! one says to oneself, notwithstanding one's knowledge that the *Tribune's* editorial page is habitually what it is. The fact is, however, that the Archduke was murdered in a town in Bosnia, called Sarajevo, and his assassins were Serbian officers whose nationality was never acknowledged by the Allied Powers until six months after the armistice, when their bodies were exhumed "with great solemnity, in the presence of thousands of the inhabitants," according to a Central News dispatch from Prague, and sent back to their native country. They were members of the Serbian pan-Slavist organization known as the Black Hand, which was fostered and encouraged by the Russian diplomatic representative in Serbia, M. de Hartwig. The plan for the assassination was organized in Belgrade by the Serbian Major Tankesitch; the bombs and Browning pistols used by the assassins were obtained in Belgrade, and the bombs came from the Serbian arsenal at Kragujevac.

Then, says the *Tribune*, Austria-Hungary attacked Serbia. "Russia protested and declared partial mobilization. Germany, thoroughly prepared for war, then mobilized and declared war on Russia." The fact is that Russia's partial mobilization began in April, 1914, under the name of "test" mobilizations; and these were continued down to the outbreak of the war, and the troops so mobilized were never demobilized. Russia's full mobilization began on 25 July, 1914; and at almost exactly the time when Germany's mobilization-order

was given, 1 August, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Russian armies were already over the border and in German territory. Memel was attacked, 3 August; Rennenkampf's main army crossed at Suwalki, 7 August; the Germans were defeated at Gumbinnen, 20 August; and by 25 August, the Russians had all of East Prussia as far as the Vistula. Not so bad, that, for a "weak" country that had only mobilized in the nick of time to meet the declaration of Germany which was "thoroughly prepared for war."

The *Tribune* further states that England was brought into the war by Germany's attack on Belgium. Nothing of the kind. England was brought into the war by her secret obligations to France which were of seven years standing, and by the contingent obligation to Russia. Before 1 August, 1914, Belgium was never thought of as a pretext for entering the war. In the spring of 1914 the English and Russian Governments made a definite disposal of their forces in the Baltic Sea and the North Sea, thus supplementing the Anglo-French and Franco-Russian naval agreements which took care of the Channel, North Sea, Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets. In May, 1914, the Russian Admiralty instructed its London agent, Captain Volkov, to arrange with the English Government to supply "a sufficient number of boats to our Baltic ports to compensate for our lack of means of transport, before the beginning of war-operations."

When the war was ready to break, the German ambassador in London asked Sir Edward Grey whether England would remain neutral if Germany kept out of Belgium; and again, whether he would state the terms upon which England would remain neutral. To the first question Sir Edward replied with a shifty negative, and on the second he was non-committal. On this point Lord Esher, whose sound toryism even the *Tribune* could not question, says that the German invasion of Belgium "made no vital difference to the resolve already taken by Asquith and Grey." Verily it did not, as every costermonger in England knows; and the reason why it made no difference was that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were tied hand and foot by their secret engagements to France and Russia.

Finally, the *Tribune* attributes considerable virtue to Italy in saying that she "rightly held herself absolved from the obligations of the Triple Alliance." On this point we shall content ourselves with calling attention once more to the documents published from Mr. Wilson's strong-box by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, which prove Italy's performance to have been sheerly that of a creature of sale. She was the strumpet of Europe, hawking her services publicly to the highest bidder. We do not criticize this behaviour or find any fault with it, but the attempt to erect it into an expression of disinterested virtue makes us, frankly, a little tired.

II

We now pass to a consideration of some editorial observations made by the New York *Times* upon "the guerrilla band of Senators who are attacking the four-Power treaty." The *Times* appears to think that there is some kind of compelling charm connected with the term *conference* as used in this treaty. Conferences, as a means of settling international disputes, have not hitherto been particularly successful. The *Times* quotes Mr. Root as saying that the trouble was that the conferences "were left wholly to the initiative of the individual nation; that nobody had a right to call a conference and nobody was bound to attend one"; and then remarks that "the four-Power treaty remedies this defect."

The editorial then dips into history in order to make out a case for the conference-habit.

In 1905, when the Kaiser challenged France as to Morocco, President Roosevelt moved to bring about the Algeciras conference, and war was averted. In 1912, when turmoil in the Balkans had brought Europe to the verge of a general war, the ambassadors of the Great Powers met at London, and again the danger was averted. In 1914, Sir Edward Grey endeavoured to bring about a conference, but was not able to do so because Germany was under no obligation to attend—and knew that if she did, the war upon which she was embarking would no longer be possible.

This is rather strong. The conference at Algeciras had no more to do with averting war than a change of the moon. The cause of all the trouble about Morocco was the secret treaty which accompanied the Anglo-French agreement of April, 1904. This secret treaty bound Great Britain, France and Spain together for the express purpose of dismembering and partitioning the sovereign State of Morocco. It was in force just two years when the conference met at Algeciras; it was in force during the conference and after the conference, and the conference took no cognizance of it and knew nothing about it, and nobody knew anything about it, until November, 1911, after the Agadir incident. When Mr. Roosevelt's conference met at Algeciras, in other words, a secret treaty existed, made by three of the conferring Powers for the very purpose that the conference was called to disavow! To say that war was averted by the Algeciras conference is to convict oneself of profound ignorance or profound hypocrisy. It averted nothing, for both France and Spain went on with their work of conquest in Morocco. Casablanca was bombarded and Fez occupied by the French, Spain went into El-Kasr and Larash, quite as though no such conclave had ever been called or thought of. The fact is that the Algeciras conference was nothing but a blind to cover the secret agreements among Great Britain, France and Spain, pertaining to the conquest of Northern Africa from the Suez canal to the Atlantic coast.

With regard to the second instance mentioned in the editorial, the fact is that the ambassadors of the Great Powers met at London after the Balkan war to consolidate the gains made by Russia's pawns. So little did this conference avert a general war, that as soon as it was over, every Balkan Power went to work with feverish haste to get ready for the war that did come in 1914. The conference averted nothing, settled nothing. No one was satisfied with its decisions, and all the secret negotiations which have since come to light, show how well the Entente Powers knew that nothing but war could ensue. A single reference can be made, in passing, to the letters of Count Benckendorff, the Russian ambassador in London, which show beyond peradventure how well they knew it.

Now, concerning the third instance, for which the *Times*, following Mr. Root, sets up its preposterous assumption. This refers to the conference of the Powers, suggested by Sir Edward Grey, 26 July, 1914, the day before the Austro-Serbian question was raised in the House of Commons. Sir Edward was asked in the House of Commons if it were true that the German Emperor had that morning accepted the proposal of mediation which the Foreign Secretary had made, and Sir Edward replied: "I understand that the German Government is favourable to the idea of mediation in principle as between Austria-Hungary and Russia, but that as to the particular proposal of applying that principle by means of a conference, which I have described to the House, the reply of the German Government has not yet been received." Now look at

Dispatch no. 10 in the British White Paper (first edition) and read what Sir Edward said to the British ambassador at Paris, 24 July, *two days before*.

M. Cambon [French ambassador at London] said that, if there was a chance of mediation by the four Powers, he had no doubt that his Government would be glad to join in it; but he pointed out that we could not say anything in St. Petersburg till Russia had expressed some opinion or taken some action. . . . I said that I had not contemplated anything being said in St. Petersburg until after it was clear that there must be trouble between Austria and Russia.

That being the case (and, indeed, that was the whole case) what on earth was the use of imagining that a conference could be brought about?

Here is the evidence that neither Great Britain nor France could intervene until the Austro-Serbian crisis became an Austro-Russian crisis. The British ambassador at Petersburg, according to Dispatch no. 17 in the British White Paper, knew the true state of affairs when he said that Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister, "did not believe that Germany really wanted war, but her attitude was decided by ours [Britain's]. If we took our stand firmly with France and Russia there would be no war. If we failed them now, rivers of blood would flow, and we would in the end be dragged into the war." Sir Edward Goschen, the British ambassador at Berlin, told Sir Edward Grey that the German Minister of Foreign Affairs said that he had given the Russian Government to understand that the last thing Germany wanted was a general war, and that he would do all in his power to prevent such a calamity. Sir Edward made desperate efforts, according to the dispatches of 25 and 26 July, to bring about the suggested conference, but without success. The documents show quite clearly that France was willing to join a conference, but until it was known that the Germans had spoken at Vienna with some success, she thought it would be dangerous for the French, Russian, and British ambassadors to meet. Germany strove to bring about an exchange of views between the Austrian and Russian Governments, and Sir Edward Grey sent word to the British ambassador at Berlin that "as long as there is a prospect of a direct exchange of views between Austria and Russia, I would suspend every other suggestion, as I entirely agree that it is the most preferable method of all." That the suggested conference was never seriously contemplated by the other Entente Powers is shown by the dispatch (no. 72) of the British ambassador at Petersburg on 28 July. "As regards the suggestion of conference the ambassador had received no instructions, and before acting with me, the French and Italian ambassadors are still waiting for their final instructions"; and Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons, 30 July, that "it has not been possible for the Powers to unite in joint diplomatic action as was proposed on Monday." On that day the German chancellor sent the following message to his ambassador at Vienna.

The report of Count Pourtales [German ambassador at Petersburg] does not harmonize with the account which your Excellency has given of the attitude of the Austro-Hungarian Government. Apparently there is a misunderstanding which I beg you to clear up. We can not expect Austria-Hungary to negotiate with Serbia, with which she is in a state of war. The refusal, however, to exchange views with St. Petersburg would be a grave mistake. We are indeed ready to fulfil our duty. As an ally we must, however, refuse to be drawn into a world conflagration through Austria-Hungary not respecting our advice. Your Excellency will express this to Count Berchtold with all emphasis, and great seriousness.

The true position was this. Sir Edward Grey suggested a conference which the other Entente Powers did not take seriously. The German Government ac-

cepted the suggestion "in principle," but preferred a direct exchange of views between Austria-Hungary and Russia, a method of mediation accepted by Sir Edward Grey. The reason why it was not possible from the first to bring about a conference, was because the secret treaties and the secret military and naval understandings among the Entente Powers precluded any possibility of a check being put upon preparations for a European war which had been planned to take place in August, 1914.

These facts should be quite well-known to Mr. Root and the editor of the *New York Times*; and hence they should know that it really does not matter what the four-Power treaty may say about calling a conference over international disagreements; because public treaties are swept aside when trouble comes, and the obligations enforced by secret treaties and secret understandings alone determine what action shall be taken. We may add that if the "guerrilla band of senators" would save their breath on further discussion of the four-Power treaty, and turn their attention to the obligations hidden behind it, they might find something worth their while.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

It was not so long ago that we Americans prided ourselves on our superiority over Europeans in the matter of bureaucratic control, and we were wont to be especially well pleased on account of our freedom from the Continental police-system and from conscription. But, during the late war, development along these lines seemed as natural as it was inevitable, and the habit of submission to the dictates of civilian and military officeholders was easily acquired. Secretary Davis of the Department of Labour, we observe, is now proposing a further extension of State control. Not satisfied with the present restriction on immigration, it seems that he desires the registration and supervision of all aliens entering the country, so that a vigilant Government may keep its eye upon them and be ever ready to repress any undesirable tendencies by the perpetual threat of deportation.

There are three main channels through which the political power seeks to control the "economic means": private ownership of natural resources, favouritism in trade and commerce, and the regulation of immigration and emigration. By interference with production and trade, Governments betray their alliance with the powerful business interests, whereas the restriction of immigration would seem to be dictated by a sense of the latent power of organized labour; but in both cases government is rewarded by an increase of offices and an extension of the area under its control.

At the time that he asked for the registration of aliens, Secretary Davis came forward with another exhibition of this partnership between business and government, in a plan—now embodied in President Harding's ship-subsidy proposals—whereby a certain percentage of the immigrants permitted to enter this country are to be required to travel in American ships. One is constrained to admire the resourcefulness employed in economic exploitation as developed by the highest political technique, for it reaches not only the settled populations at home and abroad, but takes in its net the men and women who are driven from one continent to another in search of a livelihood. It hardly seems as though anything less than desperation would induce human beings to face the exactions of the steamship-companies, the discomforts of the voyage, and the barbarity of the treatment that is commonly accorded to immigrants upon their arrival in port.

The reception given to the home-coming American traveller at the dock is humiliating enough, but what can be said of the misery suffered by friendless foreigners who are held as prisoners while awaiting examination, and often treated by the immigration-officials with callous indifference to their natural feelings?

Occasionally an example of this official callousness finds its way into the press, as recently happened when a ten-year-old Italian boy was taken from his parents and would have been deported as an imbecile if prompt legal assistance had not been forthcoming. "While conducting the examination," said the lawyer, "the immigration physician pulled out a stethoscope, opened the boy's shirt and placed it against his chest. He became frightened and screamed. The doctor then pronounced him an imbecile and ordered him to the detention-house for deportation." That the regulations that determine the fate of immigrants are productive of hardship must be generally conceded when a paper like the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* can say, "We tear families apart and inflict cruelties equal to those of the slave-trading system."

If the weight of responsibility for the restriction of immigration rests with the forces of labour, the accusation that is brought against the business interests as the power behind the throne must be modified, but we are inclined to think that Governments are induced to give heed to organized labour in this instance because its demands coincide with the interests of bureaucracy. It is easy to understand the delusion of the workers that their ultimate good will be served by a monopoly that is calculated to lessen the number of men at the factory gate; the fact remains, however, that exclusiveness is the enemy of freedom. This policy has been tried upon the Negro, and upon the Japanese in California, and it points to a conflict in which the labouring classes of all shades are bound to be the worst sufferers. In spite of treaties and understandings regarding the Pacific, relations between Japan and the United States will be subject to strain as long as we continue to discriminate against the Japanese who desire to make a home on this continent. The shortsightedness of this attempted self-sufficiency on our part is becoming better understood, as witness the recent criticism of the Italian ambassador. "If you wish," he said, "to protect your agriculture, your industry, and maintain your standard of wages at any cost, you must give up the idea of collecting your debt from Italy, because your customs- and immigration-policies make it impossible for her to pay." The futility of the sacrifice on our part is being fully appreciated to-day by our farmers, industrial workers and unemployed.

It is a common error to suppose that because the opportunities for making a living are restricted by law they are so restricted by nature. When this error is dissipated we may hope to find that those who crave liberty and opportunity for themselves are prepared to discover a way of getting these blessings that does not involve the subjection and degradation of others. The economic struggle would soon lose its terrors if it could be seen that there was plenty of work for all comers, provided the rule of equal freedom were observed. Under this rule the populations of the world might safely be left to the subtle impulses of self-interest. The folly of attempting to regulate by statute the movement of labourers has often been demonstrated. The hardships that are inseparable from any such attempt on the part of Governments are sufficient to condemn that method of appeasing the victims of unemployment and low wages, and to suggest that the workers are ill advised to place further reliance

upon a policy of repression. The problem of immigration, like many another economic riddle, is vastly clarified when looked at from a world-wide rather than from a parochial point of view.

THE GRAVEN IMAGE.

In our choicest collection of "time's laughingstocks," we shall cherish from henceforth the double-barrelled story of the male politicians and moralists of Tammany Hall, who have attempted to set up in New York City a statue of "Civic Virtue," and the female moralists and politicians of the crusading societies, who have gone forth to pull the statue down. This story touches so many phases of American life that the commentator is tempted to wander off in all directions, and lose himself in a general dissertation on politics, ethics and æsthetics. But since it is quite obvious that the whole moral of the tale can not be pointed in a column or so, we shall confine our attention to that aspect of the situation which happens to be most interesting to us at the moment.

First, for the benefit of those of our readers who have not gathered the necessary facts from the newspapers, we should perhaps explain that the monument to "Civic Virtue" shows a fleshy young man eleven feet tall, standing with his foot on the neck of a female temptress. The figures are symbolic of—something or other; at any rate the preliminary designs proved satisfactory to the gentlemen who will have to look most often at the finished product, from the windows of the City Hall. However, some of the citizens of the metropolis have now discovered a deep significance in the fact that "Virtue" and "Temptation" are, respectively, a gentleman and a lady. The City Hall has been stormed by protestants against this degradation of womanhood; Miss Mary Garrett Hay, of the National League of Women Voters, has said that in any representation of righteousness, woman should stand side by side with man; and the Mayor himself has promised that if the public is insistent, some way will be found to keep the statue out of City Hall Park.

Now we have not seen this statue, but we have seen a picture of it, and that, for our purposes, was enough. In fact it was too much. As a matter of course, we do not pretend to competence in these matters; and yet it seems to us that when a work of art is brought to judgment, an æsthetic criticism of any sort is worth more than a moral verdict that has all the authority of men and of angels. In such a situation, moral criticism is not simply without value; it is actually harmful, in that it distracts the attention of the artist and the public from the consideration of beauty—the only consideration which has any meaning in the realm of art. If this statue works any kind of injury upon womanhood, it is not because of the rôle assigned the distaff side; it is because the statue itself is not a thing of beauty; and in that case the injury falls upon manhood also.

The statue of "Civic Virtue" is quite as objectionable to us as it is to Miss Hay and her feminist friends; and yet we are sure that the irrelevant and immaterial criticism of the moralists is a greater injury to the cause of art than the worst of statues could possibly be. If the crusaders would keep still for a little while, the people who are interested in art might be able to get a hearing; they would disagree among themselves, of course, but their disagreements would be relevant to the issue, and their debates would do something to educate the taste of the public, and to stimulate the creative endeavour of the artist.

THE WEATHER-MERCHANT.

It was a tumble-down, two-by-four shop set back in an alley off the main thoroughfare—a cul-de-sac into which no one would dream of going on the ordinary lawful occasions of business—but swinging out over the cobbled pavement, creaking in every vagrant gust of wind, was an ancient sign that carried one in a twinkling from *anno Domini* 1922 back to the Middle Ages. Its straggly, weatherbeaten letters made up this irresistible legend:

Horoscopes Read. Weather Foretold.
Picture Post cards. Seeds Sold.
Plantage-Secrets. Umbrellas Mended.

A weird mingling of the visionary and the utilitarian, of mumbo-jumbory and modernism, and this, too, in one of the largest cities in these exceedingly practical United States. Small wonder, then, that my feet turned willy-nilly from the noisy fairway of commerce into the quiet and peace of this stagnant backwater of trade. Forgotten were the affairs of the moment, and I was off on the world-old quest of adventure, much in the frame of mind of Aeneas on his way to consult the Cumæan Sibyl. Under the charm of that magic sign I lost all sense of time and rational values and found myself fully expecting, like Aeneas, that in some theurgic way the door of the oracle's sanctuary would open of itself with a rolling as of thunder such as greeted the curious at the doors of the labyrinth of Thebes. But a single glance into the grimy window dispelled all notions of theurgy. In the foreground was a stuffed and rather moth-eaten woodchuck standing upright on its haunches. From a string looped over its two saber-pointed lower teeth depended a placard which read:

2 February is Ground-hog Day. On this day if the ground-hog or woodchuck sees his shadow he retreats to his hole for six weeks, which is a sign of more cold weather and a late spring. If he doesn't see his shadow, then it will be an early spring, and we're here to tell the world that an early spring means warm weather and rain. Rain and more of it! So keep your eye on Mr. Ground-hog. If he doesn't see his shadow on February 2nd, bring in your umbrella and we will fix it up as good as new. They say a Cork man can't sink, but some of us come from Tipperary. Anyhow, a word to the wise is worth a dozen shares of oil stock and a new rib in time may save nine dollars worth of spring hat.

At one side of the window was a life-size beehive with a swarm of imitation bees on its entrance-platform. A placard on the hive bore a commixture of meteorological lore and homespun philosophy:

A swarm of bees in the fall or winter is an indication of an unusually open winter. An open winter means early planting in the spring. If you see a swarm of bees between Thanksgiving and Christmas come in and consult us about seeds. Nobody ever caught a whale in a mud puddle, but the man who plants our seeds at the right phase of the moon doesn't have to worry about going fishing—he can buy all he needs.

On the other side was a large plaster of Paris bust of Shakespeare. This, too, wore a placard, which bore the apposite quotation:

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre.

Underneath the quotation was the comment:

The man who wrote 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' was wise enough not to plant potatoes without first consulting the almanac, and foxy enough not to put in a fence-post on the Stratford ranch without making sure the moon was in a favourable phase. If the Bard of Avon were alive to-day he would be one of our best customers. We might not sell him any picture post cards, although we have the best assortment in the city, but we'll say he would be interested in our horoscopes.

One glance at these advertising exhibits whiffed away all speculations of black magic. No doors would swing open of their own accord in this shop. The man who composed these placards was no theurgist. He was something far more interesting than that. Only a man out of the ordinary run could have devised so cunning a sign. Had he dealt in horoscopes and plantage secrets only, straightway I should have put him down for an empiricist playing the dubious game of hide-and-seek with the law. But who but a humorous philosopher would ever think of blending horoscopes with picture post cards and weather-forecasting with umbrella-mending? One could construct the man from that sign as infallibly as the palaeontologist fabricates a prehistoric monster from a single fossil bone. Such a man must "look the part." Assuredly he would satisfy the eye as well as the imagination. He would have the whimsical eye, the gift of tongue, a valiantly cheerful disposition, and above all a belief in his own luck.

With scepticism, therefore, scattered to the four winds I turned the knob—squeaking hinges removed the last vestige of illusion about Cumæan miracle-mongering—and stepped across the threshold. A cheery sign faced me: "Socks Slip? Then Rain's Coming! Buy a Pair of Our Patent Garters and Wet Weather Will Mean Nothing in Your Life"; and as I stood there in that place a blurred, stuttering, familiar voice from somewhere behind the curtains partitioning off the end of the long room, broke into song:

Evening red and morning grey
Will set the traveller on his way;
But evening grey and morning red
Will bring the rain upon his head.

"And," it went on, stubbing into prose, "if you are thinking of going on a journey bring in your umbrella and let us give it the once over. Had Noah seen us first he wouldn't have needed an Ark."

The metallic voice of the phonograph rasped into silence. Followed a mellow chuckle and out between the curtains waddled a roly-poly man as wide as he was long, with head as round as a pumpkin, fat cheeks as red as a snow-apple, and little eyes that twinkled like stars in a frosty sky. It needed only furs, boots, pipe and whiskers and you would have had the St. Nick of Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas."

"Hope it didn't startle you—the phonograph." He had the hearty, booming voice that goes with one's notion of Father Christmas. "Little idea of mine. Amuses people and brings trade. You'd be surprised how far the news of a novelty like that travels. Folks come in here from all parts of the country to tell me they've heard of my weather-jingle phonograph and signs. Nine times out of ten they buy something, if it's only a post card. You see, I keep all sorts of trifles."

He waved a pudgy arm about the shop. "Queer business?" he echoed, when I had explained my errand. "Well, I suppose it is a little out of the ordinary. But that's what you've got to be nowadays to do business—a little out of the ordinary. You see, I'm an umbrella-repairer by trade. Not much money in that. Might make a bare living if I went out and drummed up business from house to house. But combine umbrella-repairing with weather-forecasting and you have a novelty. Same way with horoscopes and picture post cards, plantage-secrets and seeds. The unusual combination attracts the eye—gives business that 'little more' that Browning speaks of. You know the poem?"

Browning! I began to use my eyes. At one side of the shop was an old-fashioned, walnut bookcase filled with books to the ceiling. The rubicund proprietor followed my glance.

"Reading isn't just a hobby with me," he said. "I've made it pay. But I'm very fond of Browning and Shakespeare. Know them almost by heart. It was Shakespeare that gave me the idea of adding seeds and plantage-lore to my stock in trade. You may have noticed I quote him in the window."

"Don't think me impertinent," I said, nodding, "but do—do you really believe in all these things you deal in—horoscopes, weather-forecasting, and plantage-secrets?"

"Casting horoscopes was an honourable profession in ancient days," he answered with dignity. "I have many books on the subject and have made a thorough study of it. But I don't pretend there's anything scientific in it and I don't profess to tell fortunes. All that I claim to do is to cast a horoscope as well as the astrologers of the Middle Ages. If my customers want horoscopes, I can give them to them. To me they are interesting curiosities. It is the same with weather-forecasting. I don't advertise long-range prognostications, but I have spent many years studying nature's weather folk-lore and have read everything I can find on the subject. All the peoples of the world have weather-sayings, based on the experience of the ages, and even science has considerable respect for many popular weather-signs and proverbs that were current hundreds and thousands of years ago. For example, enough blue sky in the northwest to make a Scotsman a jacket is an almost infallible sign of approaching clear weather. Wild geese fly high in pleasant weather and low in bad. Bees will not swarm before a near storm. Smoke falls to the ground preceding rain. Men work better, eat more, and sleep better when the barometer is high. Do business with men when the wind is westerly, for then the barometer is high. Horses sweating in the stable is a sign of rain. Fly stings are more troublesome than usual before rain. Tobacco becomes moist, guitar-strings shorten, ropes tighten, quarries of stone and slate show a moist exudation from the stones, the perfumes of flowers are unusually perceptible, lamp-wicks crackle, candles dim, and soot falls down the chimney before rain. Animals, birds and insects foretell storms with more or less accuracy. Thus it is good weather when the cat washes herself, but bad when

she licks her fur against the grain or washes her face over her ears or sits with her tail to the fire. Before a storm sheep are frisky and butt one another. Cattle gather together at one end of the field with their tails to windward. Birds cease to sing and oil their feathers. A bee was never caught in a storm or shower. Every animal fixes up for winter according to his need. The beaver cuts up his winter stock of wood extra early when a hard season is coming on and the skunk and bear put on an extra thick overcoat of fur. No guessing about it, my friend. What would be the use of animals knowing if they didn't use what they know? I was born and raised in the country and I've never seen a middle-aged animal that didn't know how to dress in advance for the winter season. There are thousands of these signs and folk-sayings. I've collected and collated them, and I sell them in a little book I've written. The same with plantation-lore and secrets. I've gathered hundreds of them in another book, and it has a steady sale, too. The old-fashioned farmer believes in the moon's influence on plantation. He wouldn't kill a hog without determining the exact age of the moon, or plant his seeds unless the planet was in a propitious phase. If the moon influences the action of the waters, argues the farmer, why should it not exercise some authority over the soil? I do not attempt to answer the question. I merely sell what the peoples of all ages have had to say on the subject."

I left the shop with half a dozen pamphlets in my pocket. The brazen voice of the phonograph bade me a suitable meteorological farewell. "Rainbow in the morning, shepherds take warning, rainbow at night, shepherd's delight, and, remember, when metal plates and dishes sweat, when doors and windows are hard to shut, when salt increases in weight, and the chimney swallows circle and call, about this time begin to look for rain. Solomon knew all this and he was the wisest man that ever lived. If he were alive to-day he would be the first to bring in his umbrella for us to repair. But come again whether you buy anything or not. We're always ready to talk."

As I turned into the frothy highway of trade I thought of Anatole France's sombre confession that in all his life he had known but two really happy men—a colonel of fusiliers and a carver of cherry-stones, were they not?—and I said to myself how Monsieur Jacques Anatole Thibault would have enjoyed the morning's adventure. He would have found another happy mortal to add to his precious pair and an excuse to blacken—his own depreciatory phrase—another sheet of paper with the suavest prose of his age.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

THE RÔLE OF THE INTELLECTUALS.

The efforts of M. Henri Barbusse on behalf of the Clarté group reveal the conscience-stricken intellectual seeking to atone for the stupendous moronism of the age. His actual experience under fire and in hell has prompted M. Barbusse to appeal for direct action against the monster he has encountered face to face; and now in his ardour he craves for "intellectual action," through the organization of the intellectual forces of the world as a "centre of international revolutionary education." The futility of this noble effort is obvious. The republic of creative minds can not be "organized" any more than it can be pierced with bayonets. It is hopeless to attempt to create a "centre" of elements that are centrifugal by their very nature—hopeless and superfluous, for mind is winged and all-penetrating and has no respect for barriers of time and space. Where, indeed, is the centre of international revolutionary education which might be charged with responsibility for the effectiveness of the combined ideas of Rousseau, Kant, Jefferson, Bolivar and the Russian Decembrists?

For the conscience-stricken intellectual of both the cis- and the trans-Atlantic varieties, it may not be altogether fruitless to consider the nature and the experience of his Russian prototype who has gone furthest in translating ideas into actions. Without this numerically small group, Russia of the last one hundred years would present hardly more than a geographical concept, and of late it has been increasingly clear that Russia without her intelligentsia would amount to an

unthinkable monstrosity. Yet this essential element of Russia's national life has never been "organized," either as a "centre" or as a party or as a movement. Individually, nay—individualistically, its representatives have contributed to the collective spiritual wealth of the nation.

What is meant by the term intelligentsia? The answers to this question are legion. The following definition is suggested as inclusive: dynamic anti-philstinism. If philistinism stands for narrowly selfish interests, for uncritical acceptance of traditions and conventions, for enjoying mediocrity because of its safety, and for adherence to things-as-they-are because of fear of novelty, the intelligentsia is characterized by its opposition to all these tenets. Again, since philistinism is not limited to any social class, and the term may be applied as fairly to Judge Gary as to Dr. Frank Crane and to Proletarian-in-chief Gompers, it follows that the composition of the intelligentsia is catholic classlessness. M. Barbusse has recently set forth as one of the prerequisites for membership in the Clarté group, the principle that "in order to realize and prepare the universal revolution, the only practical step is to try to give to each man throughout the entire world the consciousness of his class-rights and class-responsibilities." Which means that M. Barbusse would have to exclude from his organization the princes and generals and other aristocrats who were the leaders of the Decembrist movement; and he would be unable to admit such delinquents in class-consciousness as Herzen, Bakunin, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Mme. Breshkovsky; he might even question the eligibility of Chicherin and, *horrible dictu*, of Lenin himself. For have not all these people acted in direct opposition to the "rights" of the class into which they were born? Yet have they not contributed to the preparation of the "universal revolution"?

This social breadth of the intelligentsia, as against the narrow self-interest of the philistine in regard to individual or group or class, explains the characteristic motive of the intellectual—abolitionism. The abolition of all fetters and bonds has been the leading motive of the intelligentsia, from the time of the first martyr of Russian literature, Radishchev, who, at the close of the eighteenth century, attacked the evils of inequality in his Sternesque "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," to the aristocratic Decembrists, the first dynamic anti-philstines in Russia, who, in the main, gave their lives for the principles of Gracchus Babeuf; to the men of the 'forties, landowners and serf-holders like Herzen and Turgenev, who fought for the abolition of serfdom; to the nihilists of the 'sixties, the narodniki of the 'seventies, the Tolstoyans of the 'eighties, the Marxians of the 'nineties, to the revolutionary leaders of the last two decades. All the issues that have occupied the minds of the intelligentsia during the last one hundred years have been abolitionist issues. Politically, economically, socially, ethically: the abolition of autocracy, of serfdom, of class-privileges and inequality, of the bondage of the Church, of the tyranny of State and of the family, of society, and of moral codes—down through Ryleyev, Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Andreiev, to Artzibashev. Negatively, then, the intellectuals are abolitionists; positively their struggle is waged on behalf of human freedom, inner and external.

Since the struggle for such a goal is bound to be endless, it follows that this abolitionism of the intelligentsia is destined to be permanent. They will always discover bonds and fetters for whose abolition they

will strive. They will, therefore, always be an opposing element, under any regime. As against the stand-patism of the philistine, the intelligentsia are perpetual nonconformists, unpopular alarmists, a critical minority. Theirs is a corrosive rôle, never to sanction, ever to transvalue. In Russia before November, 1917, Lenin and Lunacharsky belonged to the heterogeneous intelligentsia of the Opposition. As soon, however, as they became rulers, sanctioners, coercers, they were placed *hors de combat*, as far as the Russian intelligentsia was concerned. The Opposition in Russia today, excluding the philistine groups who desire only their own narrowly selfish interests, is an encouraging pledge of the permanency of the Russian intelligentsia, of the element of eternal discontent, of never slumbering criticism. Alexander Blok's "Twelve" voices this element, and Gorky is by no means an uncritical supporter of the present regime. From time to time he appears in the unpopular rôle of a Jeremiah—and by so doing he affirms his allegiance to the intelligentsia.

Whatever success the Clarté movement may have in the future, the achievement of the Russian intelligentsia in revolutionizing the consciousness of four or five generations, can not be questioned. More important perhaps than what it is, is the question, How is the intelligentsia to accomplish its great task? M. Barbusse answers this question with his usual facility in these words: "Clarté exercises its action by means of meeting, book, brochure, journal, tract; by the collection of documents and the universal organization of a precise education upon historic, social and political ideas and facts." Of this statement, Mr. Max Eastman pertinently observes that what Clarté proposes is not education but propaganda, and since propaganda is carried on with more or less efficiency by political parties, the question arises, What is Clarté's *raison d'être*?

Turning once more to Russia, we see that in the work of revolutionizing the nation, in freeing it from bondage to traditions and conventions, in preparing it for the acceptance of new forms and precepts, the part played by pure revolutionary propaganda was insignificant and superficial. Roughly speaking, propaganda means calling a spade a spade, in italics. In Russia this was always impossible. While in the United States before the Civil War the slavery-issue was openly discussed in the press and from pulpit and platform, in Russia the emancipation of the Russian serf could never be mentioned. Yet by the middle of the nineteenth century, public opinion in Russia was thoroughly prepared for emancipation by the fiction of Turgenev, Grigorovitch and others, where the word serfdom was not even mentioned. Literature, though gagged by the censor, prepared and ploughed and sowed the national soil for the great issues.

That this didactic mission did not affect the artistic integrity of Russian literature is evident, if we compare such a book as "Notes of a Huntsman" with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Whatever was best in Russian literature unintentionally served a revolutionizing purpose. Thus, when Lermontov was killed at the age of twenty-six, Nicholas I is reported to have exclaimed with glee: "*Bon voyage!*" Yet the young poet had not written a single line which would make him eligible for the rigidly communistic Clarté. His danger to autocracy lay in his intense hatred for Philistia. The monarchists Gogol and Dostoievsky contributed more to the analytical and nonconformist tendencies of Russian youth than tons of underground revolutionary proclamations and pamphlets, where all the

i's were distinctly dotted, and all the t's were plainly crossed. Mikhailovsky, the narodnik critic, rebuked Chekhov for writing "to no purpose," yet most of the pre-revolutionary public resolutions of 1904-5 ended with Chekhov's verdict: "Such a life is impossible." Even revolutionary propagandists found that the peasants and workmen were easier to affect and convert by fables and allegorical tales and by such poetical prose as that of Gershuni's "Broken Dam" or of Gorky's "Song of the Falcon," than by all the brochures of Engels and Kautsky. "To the madness of the brave—we chant glory!"—who can gauge the power of this early motive in winning the hearts of Russia for the cause of the revolution?

Propaganda or education? The propagandist megaphonically calls a spade a spade. He appeals to those who already perceive the spade. He acts on a ready soil, on a ripened consciousness which he need only to stir up, to stimulate. The rôle of the educationist is to generate ideas, to create new concepts, new needs, new aspirations. To make propaganda for organizing a demand for higher wages and shorter hours, is comparatively easy, but it requires education to train an individual to be ready to relinquish the right of private property. The battle-cry of the Bolsheviks against the Kerensky regime was: "Peace, land, bread." That was propaganda. The swiftness with which the Bolsheviks won their victory was due to the comprehensibility of their slogan; but ever since November, 1917, the victors have been engaged in a gigantic campaign of education, endeavouring to teach the nation to accept the communistic ideal. In this great task the communists are employing, besides the inculcation of Marxian maxims, such non-political means as training the people in the humble three R's and making accessible innumerable editions of the world's great literature.

To have lived open-eyed these last seven years, and still to have faith in the intellectual receptivity of the masses, requires optimism. Would that the conscience-stricken intellectuals would leave matters such as organization, class-consciousness, class-interests, to the propagandists. These are *Realpolitiker*. The slow and deep processes of education, of enlightenment, of spiritual liberation, of self-surpassing—can be carried on only in "the stillest hour." To these processes creative minds can contribute only in one way—by creating.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

COLLEGE EDUCATION: AN INQUEST. IV

THE accepted form of academic government in America is, quite appropriately, analogous to that of an industrial corporation. The sovereign authority is vested in a board of directors who appoint the general manager and, formally at least, all the incumbents academic, administrative, and janitorial. Broadly speaking, the general manager or college president has a rather free hand as over against the board of directors, except in time of a war or a bolshevik scare when the members of the governing body decide to take part in guaranteeing the purity of the intellectual output of the academic works. If the president is astute enough and supple enough his board will usually accept his budgets, blue prints, and balance sheets without anything more than a casual glance.

It should be noted, however, that there is a fundamental difference between an academic board of directors and the trustees of an industrial corporation. The

latter are elected by the stockholders and are responsible to their constituents. They must give an account of themselves at least once a year. They must produce something tangible in the form of dividends. They must give some attention to the business or incur the risk of being ousted at the end of their terms. While things are going well, that is, while dividends are coming in, they do not have to disturb themselves about their obligations; they will not be questioned by anybody, especially as long as their ingenious attorneys steer them safely through the mesh of the laws. Still there is always a possibility of danger, and the members of the industrial directorate labour under certain very real responsibilities.

The trustees of the academic corporation are in a different position. In the case of the endowed universities, they form a closed self-perpetuating corporation. When one member dies or resigns, his colleagues elect his successor. They are not responsible to any constituency, lay or academic. They are independent of outside control. They are masters of their domain and do "high and low justice." No one can question the propriety of their conduct or the wisdom of their decisions in such a way as to compel action. They are irresponsible except in regard to that vague entity known as the public or rather the part of the public that knows what is going on and what it wants.

The members of such an academic corporation are usually chosen because they have money or can raise money; mainly, the former reason. They are, as has already been pointed out, financiers, lawyers, stock brokers, merchant princes, and other successful gentlemen of the street. Most of them closed their career of study and research (if a college education can thus be dignified) sometime in the 'eighties or 'nineties when our chief upholders of public morality and national honour were Marcus A. Hanna and William McKinley, and they cherish, as they do the Holy Writ, the "immortal principles" of those puissant statesmen. Anything new, unusual, or bizarre arouses their suspicions as soon as they hear of it.

Sometimes, especially in the denominational schools, there is a clerical element on the board of trustees. Such men are added by way of routine to give spiritual flavour to the corporate body. That is not the sole reason, however. Such gentlemen, as pastors of large and influential congregations, have a firm grip on many rich parishioners and are able to suggest new victims for the high and serene money-raiser, as deficits arise.

Whenever there is a vacancy in the governing corporation, the list of eligibles is carefully canvassed. In the old days, the denominational board was limited in choice to rich members of the approved brethren in Christ, but the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations with their enormous baits held out to religious colleges, have had a disrupting effect on "the spiritual unity" of our schools. Certain large funds were made available only to colleges that discarded the denominational bias. It was painful, even for hardened cynics, to count up the number of pious college trustees who disowned their denominations in order to become eligible for the steel-master's hard-earned money. Thanks to this economic process the purely denominational college has become a rare plant. The demand for money on the part of the faculty usually snaps the phylactery of the sternest Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or what not zealot. The painful financial condition of those religious colleges that still cling to their faith is doubly convincing to those who climbed aboard the Carnegie safety-raft when it went by. This is one

more proof of the old adage that the meek shall inherit the earth. So we may say that, except in fresh-water districts, the college trustee need not belong to any one of the three hundred and twenty-six or more varieties of Christian denominations now thriving in this land of the free and home of the brave.

The first, outstanding, indubitable fact is that any man to be eligible for a vacancy in an academic corporation, must have what is vulgarly called "the kale" or must know how to obtain it from some more fortunate associates. Of course money is not the only qualification, though it is absolutely essential. To the best of our knowledge and belief, Charles W. Morse, Diamond Jim Brady, and the Tin Plate King were never elected to any board of college trustees. A certain aroma of respectability and propriety (as well as of property) must cling to the eligible person. If he has—with the aid of an intelligent secretary—written a book or pamphlet on our merchant marine or some such subject, his aroma becomes a grateful perfume. If he has been known as a generous patron of the arts, all the better, for this adds distinction.

It is of course desirable that he should have never suffered from a breath of scandal. Still a slight breath can be overlooked if other qualifications are sufficient in themselves. Not many years ago one of our institutions of higher learning planned to add a certain rich and retired lawyer to its legal faculty, but while the negotiations were pending he unfortunately put up at a hotel in a distant city "with a friend" and news of the affair leaked out. It was clearly impossible to put such a gentleman in charge of immature minds in the law school and give him the intellectual standing which he sought. So the board of trustees elected the unhappy victim of cruel fortune to the governing corporation and all was well. Two or three unconscionable rascals in the faculty had the impudence to laugh quietly in a corner when the news of the election was announced, and they were never forgiven by the president.

So we may sum up by saying of the private university, that it is essential that the trustee should have money or know how to get it, that he should be respectable in a Pickwickian sense, that he should not be too vulgar, that he should not eat peas with a knife, and that he should know how to keep off the trains of ladies' dresses at a reception. As for knowing what a university is or ought to be or has been or can be, as for knowing or caring anything about the state of learning or the arts—well, a great deal may be forgiven the candidate for trustee honours.

But we are not yet safely past the iron gates. There are the Jews. It is notorious that many of them have money, and their negotiable securities and checks are quite as good as gentile paper. Still, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists of the old regime do not, except when they are in dire straits, invite Jews to their family dinners and coming-out parties. They are not likely to do so, any more than orthodox Jews are likely to invite Dr. Charles W. Eliot to a Yom Kippur feast—if there be such a thing. There are many wealthy Jews, however, who are not content with their own brethren and the splendid traditions of their race or with the friendship of free-thinking liberals. They lust after the flesh pots of the Upper Crust. They are willing to pay heavily for all they get—and believe me, the astute Yankees make the pips squeak when they yield an inch. So occasionally a Jew manages to get on a board of trustees in a Western college where, as we all know, there is a loose democratic morality that admits of many things; but in the correct and frozen East, never—or very, very seldom. Still, Jews

can be inveigled into giving a good deal of money for higher learning. Once in a long while, a good Jewish name like Blitzenstein is attached to a chair or divan, but seldom, very seldom to a building or a gate. Still the Lord and college trustees love a cheerful giver, and if the industrial crisis lasts long enough, Mr. Moses Tuppenheim may appear among the sacred lists of Harvard, Princeton, Williams, and yea, even Columbia. As for the University of Virginia, we must leave that to the genius of its president, Brother Alderman.

There is, in addition to the private corporation, another kind of institution for higher learning; that is, the State or municipal college or university. This is usually governed by a board of regents (or trustees) elected by popular vote or by the State legislature or appointed by a political officer. Here the characteristics of American democracy and American politics appear. Still, there is some taste left even in this sphere. It is not recorded that Mr. Charles F. Murphy, Mr. Roger B. Sullivan, Messrs. Hinky Dink and Bath-House John ever aspired to university honours. When the legislative politicians do the job they usually pick some very respectable party-member, perhaps an editor or a retired judge or a faithful voter who has given money to campaign-funds, and served as presidential elector—paying dearly for the honour. If the candidate has written a local history dealing with some obscure matters as to the exact spot where Tecumseh fell, the degree of his eligibility is raised many points. Often a president of a women's club is chosen, in these days of universal suffrage. If she has astounded the neighbours by delivering an address on "Shakespeare's Contribution to the Culture of our State" carefully digested from the Eleventh Edition of the E. B., it is all the better for her pre-eminence in matters of learning.

The important points with reference to public institutions of learning are that the trustees are elected, that politicians (regular fellows) never seek their pickings in this field directly, that a certain flavour of "education" must be associated with the name of the successful candidate, and that achievement in science or literature is seldom if ever honoured. After all, the main business of the trustees is to help the president pry the legislature loose from the taxpayers' money, and they must have some qualifications, though it is difficult to define these special attributes. It is under the aegis of some such corporation, fearfully and wonderfully constituted, that institutions of higher learning must operate in the United States. The only exceptions are the institutions owned and controlled by the Roman Catholic Church.

European observers are much puzzled by this state of affairs, accustomed as they are to seeing learning controlled by the specialists in learning. Still they should look to their own dooryard. The heads of European institutions are now beggars before legislatures or at the back doors of the mighty. The institutions of Paris are in this very hour cramped, limited, and hampered by the parsimony of the French Government—so hampered and cramped, in fact, that one can only wish that some of the old Russian subsidies donated to the Paris press had been given instead to the Sorbonne.

Alas, it is a weary Titan, this world of ours. Institutions of learning can not be given unlimited funds at the expense of those who labour, and then be let loose from all connexions with the source of their economic supplies. That would be fine for academic gentlemen, but it is not likely that the holders of world-

ly goods, public or private, will create such an Elysium.

So much for the mechanism of higher learning on the managerial side. Perhaps later something may be said of the production-department and the balance sheet.

SOMNIA VANA.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE COFFEEHOUSES OF VIENNA.

SIRS: Can you imagine a Fifth Avenue Club, without any initiation-fee or dues, where the membership includes carpenters, school-teachers, garment-workers and doctors, and where any workman can enter, toss his hat on a peg, make himself comfortable in yielding upholstery and be catered to like a bank-director? Or can you picture to yourself a commodious parlour, where, say, for a nickel, you are entitled to a cup of coffee, served to you while you loll in an arm-chair; where you need merely hint at a newspaper or periodical in order to have it at your elbow; where a gipsy orchestra will play for your delight; where, not being able to afford coal at home, you may warm yourself for hours to the accompaniment of an animating conversation; where—but you suspect that I am romancing about some happy state of things before the war? Well, then you must come to Vienna and learn to know the Viennese coffeehouse, that blessed institution where, for a fleeting hour, the busiest man in the street may become a leisured citizen.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that the coffeehouse is solely a rendezvous for the workingman. Nothing of the sort. It may be a seclusion where a worker may relax after a day of toil, or it may be an idyllic spot where idlers idle. Each section of the population, each vocation and political group, has its own pet coffeehouse—architects, naptha merchants, lawyers, bricklayers, newspapermen, prostitutes, stock-exchange gamblers, royalists, railwaymen, aesthetes, communists, actors and philosophers. There is, naturally, no law to prohibit a chimney sweep from visiting the bank-directors' coffeehouse, or to bar an author from the corset-manufacturers favourite haunt, but such deviations, which violate the profound tradition of coffeehouse consciousness and solidarity, simply do not occur. If you enter an unfamiliar coffeehouse, you will certainly be served; but you will soon come to feel that somehow you do not belong. The coffeehouse, of course, like Governments, dadaism, and Einstein, has its critics and opponents. For one thing, the coffee in Vienna today is bad—though that is the fault, not of the proprietor, but of the politicians of St. Germain. Having ordered your cup of "Mokka" you may make a wry face and complain. But the *Ober-Kellner* will reply candidly, "Why, that coffee is made of Austria's finest acorns!" Then, too, it is argued that Austria wastes its precious time in coffeehouses, that the nation is drowning half its energy in a demi-tasse. But to change that, you must eliminate the Austrian's *Gemütlichkeit*, which is as firmly ingrained in him as his language. Finally, there are those who hold that the coffeehouse is a deliberate trap for labour, a trick to cajole the worker into indifference, to afflict him with caffeine-poisoning. These extremists are obsessed with the mania that the revolution has been called off on account of coffee grounds. "Shut the coffeehouses," they declare, "and you will have the revolution!" However, these opponents of the coffee mill gain scant notice.

In fact, generally speaking, it is the newly arrived foreigner whose denunciation of the coffeehouse is most virulent; and even he usually comes to scoff and remains as prey. One of the most common phenomena hereabouts is the *Kaffeehaus Politiker*. He is the statesman or journalist who settles the problems of German reparations, of disarmament, of Austrian finance, while he sips his "Mokka." Emigrant politicians, too, are included in this category: exiled Hungarian or Ukrainian liberals or revo-

lutionaries, mostly former—and each is convinced, future—Government Ministers. How many of them spill their coffee from sheer excitement, as they decide the date upon which Regent Horthy shall be banished, or visualize the disordered rout of the Poles from Eastern Galicia! Or it may be a group of Slovaks, settling the destiny of the Czechs; or a crowd of Croatians, disposing of the Serbs; or a clique of Tyrolese, anathemizing the Italians; or a coterie of Transylvanians, self-determining the Romanians. Many a European Government has slipped twixt the cup and lip in Viennese coffeehouses.

Scarcely less familiar is the *Kaffeehaus Philosoph*, or the Don Quixote of the coffee mill. One suspects that the coffeehouse is his native haunt; it is assuredly his fatherland, his home and his lecture-platform, rolled into one. He is invariably to be heard, talking vigorously, then vociferously, and finally obstreperously—until the dyspeptic guests at the neighbouring table signify to the Herr Ober that conversation must be subdued if the coffeehouse is not to be relinquished utterly to Kantian Imperative and Hegelian dialectic.

But one might go on, endlessly enumerating the coffee-house species: from the ubiquitous *Schieber*, for whom no guest is too humble to be a prospective customer, to the effusive waiters themselves, who treat each guest as though he were their first-born. You may have been seated at the same table, day in, day out, for twenty years, but when you enter the coffeehouse to-day, the waiter will greet you with half a dozen "*Griess Sie Gotts*," will smile blissfully as he bows you to your habitual chair, as though you were at least an Islamic potentate, rather than a familiar, lowly newspaper-reporter.

Indeed, Vienna is married to its coffeehouses, and a divorce is unthinkable. Even the indescribable privation through which this city is passing, has left coffeehouse-life almost intact. Of the many thousands who have been compelled to curtail their diet, to mend and remend their pre-war clothes, to pawn their furniture, there will not be one who could forgo his little siesta over the eternal "*Mokka*." The famished labourer or the hungry clerk still prefers to economize on some much needed meal, rather than forfeit his divine right to a leisurely coffee-house-hour.

Once upon a time it was said that the Viennese had coffee, instead of blood, in their veins. It must be a very strong coffee that has kept Vienna from falling asleep over the disheartening drudgery of these last years. I am, etc.,

Vienna, Austria.

FREDERICK KUH.

ART.

THE ART OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC is rated as a matter of course among "the moderns." He made his first official appearance in this country in the winter of 1913 when the big Armory Show gave our tea-going populace its belated induction into the thrills of Cubism and the manner of the Futurists. You may recall it as the year when interior decorators plunged heavily on black-and-white checks and the people who later went into canteen work were instructing the East Side in paper-bag cookery.

Amid the clatter of the Nude Descending a Staircase, the barbaric splendour of Gaugin's (to us) new designs, the revelation of Cézanne, the indignation of Mr. Royal Cortissoz and all the rest of the hullabaloo, the crisp, concise epigrams of Toulouse-Lautrec passed then pretty much unnoticed. Of late, though, they have been making themselves felt even in this country. Both the Brooklyn Museum and the Metropolitan hung him along with van Gogh and Picasso and Matisse in their modern exhibitions last year. The American Art Association included him among the same company at its recent modern art sale

at the Plaza, and the other day the Institute Français aux Etats-Unis, which is usually devoting its energies to rather less desirable affairs, concluded a month's exhibition devoted entirely to his work—drawings, posters, dry points, lithographs, monotypes, with a thin scattering of oils.

Whether all this betokens anything like a "tendency" in artistic fashion it would doubtless be rash to inquire. Nevertheless, as a phenomenon it is distinctly interesting. For while Toulouse-Lautrec's has long been an honoured name, while even the most headlong Vorticists have been willing to pause momentarily in respect at mention of it, the tradition he stands for has been allowed almost completely to lapse.

Go to any one of the modern exhibitions where he hangs, together with the other insurgents of the later dispensation. Indubitably he belongs there. The child of Degas and the Japanese concept of design, he could not possibly have occurred outside the modern movement. Yet how strange, how out of place almost, his paintings, with their sensitive predilections for browns and greys and subtle tints of green and blue appear amid the violent strivings of the rest.

The difference is not nearly so much one of method as might at first be supposed. Forget for a moment, if you can, that Toulouse-Lautrec's works represent definite renderings of definite objects and you will see that from the standpoint of pure design they are as satisfying as any—what shall one say?—Persian plate. Few men, before or since, have been more rigid in economy of means. He can make a single line, a single point of colour, go further than a French housewife can a five-franc piece. No Vorticist has been more successful than he in the rendering of tumultuous, rhythmic, dynamic motion. No Futurist or Expressionist has more unerringly seized upon the intrinsic spirit of the thing rendered, has more ruthlessly expunged all detail that did not bear upon or heighten the content of that spirit.

What, then, is this difference which so patently sets him apart from the men who, according to all the laws and the catalogues, are his spiritual confrères? Fundamentally it is a difference in mental process. When the moderns whose triumph is now so snugly secure first broke away from the tenets and canons that made life easy for their forerunners, they did so, like all insurgents, in the interest of truth. They were opposed to all equivocations, all conventions, all the literary and historical associations amid which pure art was being so genteelly smothered to death. They wanted the thing-in-itself, stark, absolute, uncontaminated and undefiled. A number of philosophies were blowing contagiously about the world at this time, though, and these intransigent young painters presently discovered that truth is not nearly so easy a bird to snare as one might imagine. She has an odd trick of changing her shape and plumage without notice; and the salt is apt to get flicked off her tail in the process.

This discovery caused more worry in painting-circles than many recent treatises on significant form might seem to indicate, and it determined the two main trends of the modern movement. It set painters on the one hand to making pseudo-scientific analyses of the constituent elements of objects, and on the other to the cultivation of a new sort of self-probing. More and more the query, How does this look to me? gave way to, What does this mean to me?—and the reign of subjective painting with which we have since become so familiar was begun.

The distinction of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec is that, in the midst of all this, he retained his instinctive

devotion to the human scene. As devout as any other rebel in his passion for essential truth, for purity of form, it simply never occurred to him that the original elements of an object could contain that truth more vitally than their combination seen in a moment of high intensity. It never occurred to him that personal feeling and evaluation could be achieved more exactly in a subjective transcript than in judiciously selected factual notations, or that a woman could not be at once a thing of pure pattern and—some one to take out to dinner. And so, seated in the café-concerts of Montmartre, wandering about the race-tracks, the music-halls, the courts of justice, he let the bizarre, horrific, comedic phantasm of late nineteenth-century Paris swirl and strut and crawl and dance and posture about him—and deftly, fastidiously, bitingly, mercilessly scored it off as it came.

Greenwich Village had not yet been invented at that time, and thus was unable to migrate to Paris. Even the unsubtle English and German tourists and the gaudy South Americans had made little headway under the shadow of Saint Cœur. Montmartre was still essentially Montmartre—spontaneous in its affectation, uncontaminated in its vice, its mischief, the fantastic arabesque of its intrigue and its frolic. It was a pure distillation of the spirit of Paris, all the truer because the world it comprised was a limited and highly specialized one. Toulouse-Lautrec caught it all: circus-clowns and night-prowling stock-brokers; dancing girls and fraying *cocottes*; slit-eyed lawyers pleading in the courts and tight-laced *grandes dames* propped in their opera boxes; Clemenceau forging fiery philippics against something or other and Yvette Guilbert in the first flush of youth and the serpentine lure of black gloves; jockeys and fleet horses in the mellow light of afternoon; casual lovers under early morning gas-light; pale young Apaches, blowsy midinettes on holiday, poets, pimps, actors, money-lenders, men-about-town, flunkies—with unfaltering precision he pierced through to the painted heart of every one of them, snatched out its secret and set it down.

If you want to know one reason why the present political attitudes of the French Republic flourish, you could scarcely do better than look for an explanation here. It is these people of Toulouse-Lautrec's, grown very old, and the offspring of these people, who are among M. Poincaré's most fervent supporters. Yet you can not possibly dismiss this shy, sensitive clairvoyant little Frenchman as a painter with the epithet, "Illustrator!" He caught a living world in the net of his draughtsmanship; but at no time did he descend to "mere illustration." That is precisely the value of his present emergence.

The modern movement has done a vast service for art in recalling to mankind that pictures should not be painted for the sake of morality, edification, utility, or any other extraneous purpose whatsoever—that their sole business is the evocation of beauty. But in its later stages the modern movement has shown a decided tendency to get drunk on this recovery of a very old truth. To-day the paradox it presents in its dominant circles in this: that while it talks more of "pure form" and "pure æsthetic values" than any group of painter-folk in all the history of art, it is in point of fact more desperately cerebral in its processes, more tortuously, laboriously intellectualized in its outlook.

The result, despite all the rodomontade of the critical claques, has been a more and more pronounced denial of those direct contacts, those fresh, immediate experiences of joy, despair, ecstasy, wonder, out of

which all beauty is born. It has been a tendency to deny in practice the very postulates for which "the moderns" have contended from the lecture-platform. This is its misfortune. One hesitates even at this stage to seem to give aid and comfort to those sectarian "anti-moderns" who would revive the stale, safe routine of imitation among us, who would devise new shackles for the spirit of experiment, innovation, adventure, in which is contained the germ of all artistic hope. The difficulty is, though, that the newer men, in their growing absorption in abstractions, their abject fear of any possible "documentary" connotations, are developing an emphatically Jesuitical bent of their own.

Toulouse-Lautrec is an excellent counterpoise to this tendency. He worked of course for the most part in media generally associated with the journalism of art; but that is a detail of very minor moment. The basic inspiration of his oil paintings is identical with that of his posters and his lithographs. No one to-day seriously challenges the superb artistry of these paintings—the racy effectiveness of their technique, the competence of their drawing, the rightness of their decorative intuitions. If the increasing exhibition of such works in our galleries can incline some of the younger men towards similarly common, unaffected sources of inspiration, the effect upon current painting ought to be highly salutary.

For the crowd is a curious animal. Impossible in a subway-train, ridiculous at the polling-booths, calling for violent extermination when gathered together as a theatre-audience, it nevertheless still contains the ingredients of a large portion of the beauty and wonder and mystery and exaltation and truth of this world. And no art can long ignore its pageantry and sidelights with impunity.

It is the secret of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec that, like his master, Degas, he recognized this—and still remained free.

LOUIS BAURY.

MISCELLANY.

WHEN, the other week, I read of the conference at Cannes, and now of the forthcoming conference at Genoa, I thought of the number of famous statesmen who have sought refreshment and recreation along the coast that stretches eastward from Marseilles. Lord Salisbury loved that region, and built himself a very beautiful villa high up on the Corniche road above Beaulieu. Gladstone frequently visited Cannes. In 1831, just about this time of the year, he went to the Wolverton's at the Château Scott. He described the house as "nobly situated, admirably planned, and the kindness exceeded even the beauty and the comfort." He says: "Here we fell in with the foreign hours, the snack early, *déjeuner* at noon, dinner at seven, break-up at ten. . . . I am stunned by this wonderful place, and so vast a change at a moment's notice in the conditions of life." Both Salisbury and Gladstone when at Cannes, found recreation in new work, and in meeting numbers of interesting people not easily discoverable in the hurly-burly of political life in London.

A PAGE from Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," referring to the Grand Old Man's visit in 1883, conveys an interesting notion of a busy man's holiday: "He read steadily through the *Odyssey*, Dixon's History of the Church of England, Scherer's *Miscellanies*, and the *Life of Clerk-Maxwell*, and every day he had long, intimate talks with Lord Acton on themes personal, political and religious—and we may believe what a restorative he found in communion with that deep and well-filled mind—that 'most satisfactory mind' as Mr. Gladstone here one day calls it. He took drives to gardens that struck him as fairyland.

The Prince of Wales paid him kindly attention as always. He had long conversations with the Comte de Paris, and with M. Clemenceau, and with the Duke of Argyll, the oldest of his surviving friends. In the evening he played whist. Home affairs he kept at bay pretty successfully, though a speech of Lord Hartington's about local government in Ireland drew from him a longish letter to Lord Granville. . . . His conversation with M. Clemenceau (whom he found 'decidedly pleasing') was thought indiscreet, but though the most circumspect of men, the buckram of a spurious discretion was no favourite wear with Mr. Gladstone. As for the report of his conversation with the French radical, he wrote to Lord Granville, 'It includes much which Clemenceau did not say to me, and omits much which he did, for our principal conversation was on Egypt, about which he spoke in a most temperate and reasonable manner.' He read the 'harrowing details' of the terrible scene in the courthouse at Kilmainham, where the murderous Invincibles were found out. 'About Carey,' he said to Lord Granville, 'the spectacle is indeed loathsome, but I can not doubt that the Irish Government are distinctly right. In accepting an approver you do not incite him to do what is in itself wrong; only his own bad mind can make it wrong to him. The Government looks for the truth. Approvers are, I suppose, for the most part, base, but I do not see how you could act on a distinction of degree between them. Still, one would have heard the hiss from the dock with sympathy.'

WHAT a world of history is recalled here! Think of finding the Irish question, the Egyptian imbroglio, and Lord Hartington's speech which adumbrated the probability of a split in Liberal ranks on the Irish question, all in a page recording events of about forty years ago. It reminds one that reform is long and parties short-lived. A few entries from Gladstone's own notebook are worth mentioning. When the holiday came to an end, he wrote: "I part from Cannes with a heavy heart. Read the Iliad, copiously. Off by the 12:30 train. We exchanged bright sun, splendid views, and a little dust at the beginning of our journey, for frost and fog, which, however, hid no scenery at the end. 27th, Tuesday. Reached Paris at eight and drove to the Embassy, where we had a most kind reception (from Lord Lyons). Wrote to Lord Granville, Lord Spencer, Sir W. Harcourt. Went with Lord L. to see M. Grevy; also Challemel-Lacour in his most palatial abode. Looked about among the shops; and at the sad face of the Tuilleries. An embassy party to dinner; excellent company."

THEN he wrote to Lord Granville as follows: "27 February—I have been with Lord Lyons to see Grevy and Challemel-Lacour. Grevy's conversation consisted of civilities and a mournful lecture on the political history of France, with many compliments to the superiority of England. Challemel thought the burdens of public life intolerable and greater here than in England, which is rather strong. Neither made the smallest allusion to present questions, and it was none of my business to introduce them."

THE closing entry made by Gladstone in his record of seventy years refers to the last visit he was to make to Cannes: "29 Dec. 1896. My long and tangled life this day concludes its eighty-seventh year. My father died four days short of that term. I know of no other life so long in the Gladstone family, and my profession has been that of politician, or, more strictly, Minister of State, an extremely short-lived race when their scene of action has been in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston being the only complete exception. In the last twelve months eyes and ears may have declined, but not materially. The occasional contraction of the chest is the only inconvenience that can be called new. I am not without hope that Cannes may have a [illegible] to act upon it. The blessings of family life continue to be poured in the largest measure upon my unworthy head. Even my temporal affairs have thriven. Still old age is appointed for the

gradual loosening and succeeding snapping of the threads. I visited Lord Stratford when he was, say ninety or ninety-one or thereabouts. He said to me, 'It is not a blessing.' As to politics, I think the basis of my mind is laid principally in finance and philanthropy. The prospect of the first are darker than I have ever known them. Those of the second are black also, but with more hope of some early dawn. I do not enter on interior matters. It is so easy to write, but to write honestly nearly impossible. Lady Grosvenor gave me to-day a delightful present of a small crucifix. I am rather too independent of symbol."

How often has Mr. Lloyd George, passing the *palazzetto*, once owned by Lord Rendel, where Mr. Gladstone stayed during his last visit to Cannes, thought of the man who revived Liberalism in Europe, the man who came upon the scene at the end of a great European war, and, taking hold of the wreck left by Pitt and Palmerston, shaped the fortunes of England so that she rose to the very pinnacle of commercial greatness? If the memory of Gladstone stirred in Mr. Lloyd George's mind while he was at Cannes, did there come back to him the words of that extraordinary speech on Ireland, made at Glasgow thirty years ago, in which he said: "The proposal which the Liberal party of this country made in 1886, which they still cherish in their mind and heart, and which we trust and believe they are about now to carry forward, that proposal has been to Ireland and the political relations of the two countries what the happy star was believed to be to the seamen of antiquity. It has produced already anticipations of love and good will, which are the first fruits of what is to come. It has already changed the whole tone and temper of the relations, I can not say yet between the laws, but between the peoples and inhabitants of these two great islands. It has filled our hearts with hope and with joy, and it promises to give us in lieu of the terrible disturbances of other times, with their increasing, intolerable burdens and insoluble problems, the promise of a brotherhood exhibiting harmony and strength at home, and a brotherhood which before the world shall, instead of being as it hitherto has been for the most part, a scandal, be a model and an example, and shall show that we whose political wisdom is for so many purposes reorganized by the nations of civilized Europe and America have at length found the means of meeting this oldest and worst of all our difficulties, and of substituting for disorder, for misery, for contention, the actual arrival and the yet riper promise of a reign of peace." Mr. Lloyd George has lived to see the Government at Dublin Castle move out and leave Ireland, it is to be hoped, for ever. Will he live to see what Gladstone desired for Ireland extended to the whole of Europe?

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

GROW OLD ALONG WITH SHAW.

AT last the Theatre Guild has completed the Herculean task of producing, in three successive weeks, Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," and it can truly say that it has done, and on the whole very well done, what no other theatrical producers in this country, or probably in England, could do or would in all likelihood even attempt to do. The Guild would have done even better if certain of its actors could have been persuaded to deliver Mr. Shaw's long harangues as philosophical orations instead of trying to squeeze an emotional quality out of them by sobs and quavers and gasps and a retarded pace (your average actor thinks that to be serious he must be slow); and the last stage-picture of the production was marred by costumes which perilously suggested a Greek dance at Vassar. But, by and large, the acting, the settings, the general illumination of the author's intent, were up to the Guild's high standard, despite the enormous handicap

of having to rehearse what in effect are three plays at once, and then act them in rapid succession.

So much for the production. It is a fine feather in the Guild's cap, and let it go at that. We are more concerned with Comrade Shaw. For more than a quarter of a century he has been giving to our English-speaking stage plays of so rare a quality that the authenticity of his dramatic genius can scarcely be questioned. From the early "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple," on through "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "Man and Superman," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," "Androcles and the Lion," "Fanny's First Play," and that most devastating of farces, "The Great Catherine," Mr. Shaw has proved his easy mastery of the peculiar technique required to set imaginary characters on a stage and cause them to hold the interest of an audience. Indeed, his mastery is so easy that it makes the masters of the "well-made play" look like straining schoolboys. To this sheer theatrical skill he has added a pungent wit, a racy satire, and the driving force of a restless mind that questions, revolts, disturbs, harasses. It is a fact rather ignored by critics that his output of stage-plays for the past quarter-century has been huge, considering their quality (about one a year for an average), and that their percentage of success in the popular theatre has been extraordinarily high. There is probably no other dramatist of our day whose works, over anything like an equal period of time, have seen so many performances. His reputation as an intellectual has obscured his solid success as a man of the theatre. But it is through the theatre that he has driven his ideas into the minds of his fellows; it is the theatre-goers who have made him the figure he is.

It is a sad thing, then, that in his latest, and by his own reputed opinion his master-work, he should so arrogantly flout the theatre, so stupidly underestimate the intellectual capacities of the theatre-goers who have so long hailed him, and so ignorantly overestimate their capacities of attention. It can only be explained on the ground that he is growing old and sinking into a garrulity which he no longer has either an artist's pride nor a humble man's will to check. That he will not permit any producer of his plays to cut or alter the text is comprehensible, and proper. But always in the past he has himself shaped his dramas to fit the traffic of the stage. They have never taxed attention beyond the rather definitely ascertainable point where an audience gives out; and always the artist in him has whipped invention when it flagged, to rescue a scene from impending boredom and drive his message home through an alert interest, not a weary hostility. In short, he has always been a keen, practical dramatist who respected his work, who respected the art of the theatre, and respected the public whom he so often appeared to scorn.

But not so in "Back to Methuselah." We do not refer to the fact that it requires three evenings to act the whole play. The theme excuses this extreme form, and nobody would complain were each evening of sustained interest, and each act so calculated that the physical breaking-point of attention were not passed. We refer rather to the fact that Mr. Shaw has made no apparent effort so to calculate his acts, that he has let them run on far past the breaking-point of attention, and, above all, that instead of whipping up his invention to counteract flagging interest or oncoming boredom, he has made no effort whatever to invent, but has gone on and on repeating himself like a garrulous old man, or like a young one who insults his audience by assuming that they have to be told the same thing seven times before grasping it.

Mr. Shaw in his preface, to be sure, says that his invention is no longer at white heat, and doubtless it is not. But the invention which can create such scenes as those in "Back to Methuselah" when Asquith and Lloyd George first meet in the house of the Brothers Barnabas, or where the short-livers consult the Oracle, or the two synthetic humans are created by Pygmalion in the year 31,920 A. D. and babble the cant of our day, is not a weak, enfeebled invention. It is still dynamic with dramatic genius. No, it actually looks as if Mr. Shaw, from the height of his years and fame, did not care whether he produced a finely tempered and calculated piece of art or not, garrulously set everything down on paper, and with a kind of arrogant laziness refused to whip it into shape.

And, alas! the loss is great. For, despite the plaintive outcries raised by the commentators against its length and frequent tediousness, blinding us to its deeper import, "Back to Methuselah" is a document of human progress, full of passages of searching eloquence and high-hearted belief in Man's upward destiny, or rather in Man's own capacity to mould his destiny. Against the deadening dictum that "you can't change human nature," Mr. Shaw cries defiance. You can't if you don't want to, but the will is creative over matter as well as mind, over spirit and destiny; and the process of evolution, which is a process of trial and error, can be—indeed, must be—guided by Man himself, who puts the mighty power of his will into the test. As the doctrine of an iconoclast who for thirty years has been fighting cant and dogma and British traditions and taboos, this play shows an indomitable spirit and a splendid faith. Mr. Shaw's own comment upon it as his contribution to the religion of the twentieth century is justified. What a pity, then, that in casting his gospel in the form of a dramatic parable, he ignored the laws of the drama and became dull and tiresome without reason! He has refused to play the game, and by so doing he has choked his own message in the deliverance.

To take one example: the first act, on Burrin pier, in the section of the play called "The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman," runs for one hour and a half. The Elderly Gentleman in that act has to spout some six thousand words, or more than half as many as Hamlet in all five acts, uncut, of Shakespeare's tragedy. Forty-five minutes is a long act ordinarily, and it is easy to see why Mr. Shaw's act becomes almost unbearable before it ends, the more because in the second half he merely repeats himself, saying over and over what the audience has already grasped, so that his auditors are a long jump ahead of him, wearily waiting for him to stop talking and catch up. For an audience to be ahead of Mr. Shaw is indeed a novelty. If he could be made to realize that this has really happened, it might sufficiently jar his egotism to persuade him into condensing the text. However, it seems unlikely that he will ever believe anything so complimentary about these United States.

It was a subtle touch of the Theatre Guild to make up Mr. Bruning, as the Elderly Gentleman, to resemble G. B. S. himself. As he spouted on and on, reducing to tedium what should and could have been a trumpet call to Man's faith in his creative will, it was, indeed, the tragedy of an elderly gentleman, and that elderly gentleman was indeed G. B. Shaw. No one is old enough, and no one is great enough, and no one has enough to say, to warrant him in ignoring the art he practises and in refusing to play the game according to the rules.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE SECRET TREATIES.

SIRS: In regard to the statements in Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's articles that the terms of the secret treaties were not known to President Wilson or the State Department before Paris, I wish to say of my own personal knowledge:

1. That documents relating to them passed through Colonel House's hands previous to the drafting of the Fourteen Points at the end of December, 1917.

2. That certain of these points—notably the one relating to France—is unintelligible without reference to the secret treaty between France and Russia.

3. That Secretary Lansing knew about the Pacific treaty in the spring of 1918, because I was one of a number of the men who sat with him in front of a map showing the partition and heard him discuss the effect on America's strategic position in the Pacific.

Mr. Baker knows these facts because I explained them to him before his articles were published. I am, etc.,
New York City.

WALTER LIPPmann.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ITALY.

SIRS: . . . The Ministerial crisis here is very interesting. The difficulty in forming a Government is due to the attitude of the Popolari or Catholic Church party, which is playing the part of a dog in the manger. The party is a hundred members strong in Parliament and it has been much encouraged in its obstructive tactics by the action of the new Pope in blessing the people from the outside of Saint Peter's, a thing which has not been done since the Popes took up the attitude that they were prisoners in the Vatican. Curiously enough the Popolari are not wholly reactionary; on the contrary, they have distinctly "left" tendencies. If the Socialists with their 120 members were to combine with the Popolari the united parties would have within thirty of a majority, and for the gift of a few portfolios could probably pick up the necessary additional thirty votes. This may yet be done and would create a most interesting situation. Any other solution will put the reactionaries back into power. Signor Nitti is very unpopular, because the timid bourgeoisie blame him for the great growth of the Socialist party. Just at present, however, a Nitti Ministry would be the best thing for Italy. But that, I fear, is utterly impossible just now. I am, etc.,
Rome, Italy.

ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN IRELAND.

SIRS: In your issue of 15 March you say: "the Provisional Government, backed by its supporters in the Dail, refused to allow women to vote on the treaty." You have undoubtedly been misled by the dispatches which were written and headlined in a deceiving manner.

The debate in the Dail was entirely on the subject of extending the franchise to women below thirty years of age. Up until now the Irish have been using the British election-machinery and polling-lists, and, as you know, women in Great Britain do not vote until they are thirty. An effort was made by the Republicans to lower this before the ratifying election was held. This was opposed by the Free Staters as an obstructionist measure, as, of course, new lists would have had to be made up.

As a matter of fact, women have probably been more active in politics and public life in Ireland than in any other country. Countess Markievicz was the first woman elected to the British House of Commons (popular belief to the contrary) and she became an Irish Cabinet Minister. Some five or six women are now members of the Dail, and the sex is well represented in local government—a woman serving as the acting mayor of Limerick, Ireland's fifth city, during Mayor O'Mara's stay in this country. I am, etc.,
Washington, D. C.

G. G. RORKE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SCHOOL OF FICTION.

SIRS: The criticism of the novel "Brass" in the Freeman of 8 March interests me so much that I would like to express my appreciation.

It is not merely in connexion with "Brass," which I have not read, but because of the truth of this criticism as regards many modern novels that the interest lies. "An acute power of deliberate external observation," applies to a great deal that is put forth these days between the covers of the photographic type of novel. Also, your reviewer's statement that the author "leaves out nothing insignificant and puts in nothing signif-

icant" is true of many novels besides "Brass." In a novel that I have just been reading, which contains a big idea and is a very strong book, in spite of its photographic style, one comes upon this:

Peter followed across the hall and into a lift. They went up high, got out in a corridor, took a turn to the right, and stopped before a door numbered 420. The man opened it. Peter was led into a little hall, with two doors leading from it. The first room was the sitting-room. It was charmingly furnished and very cosy, a couple of good prints on the walls, a wide fire-place, a tall standard lamp, some delightfully easy chairs—all this he took in at a glance. He walked to the window and looked out.

How unnecessary all this seems, that the hero turned to the right or was shown into suite 420, and into what could one get out from a hotel-elevator other than a corridor!

One naturally thinks of the contrast between this sort of work and the great masters of novel writing who are prominent in the matter of selection and taste in producing tone and atmosphere. I refer to men like Turgenev, James and Conrad. I am, etc.,
Portland, Maine.

ROBERT SWASEY.

THE RULES OF PROSODY.

SIRS: If I do not misunderstand my friend, Miss Monroe, in her rejoinder to Mr. Llewellyn Jones, published in your issue of 22 February, she implies a belief that the objection to free verse is founded upon faith in classical prosody as applicable to verse-making in English. This is a strange error for one of her mind and spirit to make. I think she would find it difficult to cite any careful student of our poetry who would take or defend any such ground. While the old terminology of "long" and "short," of iambic, dactylic and anapaestic is still in use among us, it seems to be well understood that these words signify something quite different from their classical usage. If there were nothing else, the mere physical fact that in English most so-called anapaests can be read at will as dactyls would be enough, if there were nothing else, to dispose of any classical analogy. So far as we still retain the classical nomenclature it is only as a matter of convenience and because there is none other yet generally adopted. It can not possibly be true then that we object to free verse because it does not adhere to the rules of prosody that governed Virgil and Horace.

Students of English poetry who are also students of music must be startled at the suggestion that Lanier can be cited in defence of the barbarian irruption of free-versifiers. On the contrary, of all writers on this subject he is the most radically destructive of the free-verse pretensions. I can only suppose Miss Monroe to be unfamiliar with Chapter IV of the "Science of English Verse." If she is a musician and still has failed to perceive that what is called free verse is only prose wrenching out of its true place, I think she will be deeply interested in that chapter. I venture to beg her most careful heed to pages 137 and 138 of the edition of 1891, wherein she will find a scientific analysis of the musical basis and requirements of poetry that might well be quoted to clarify any doubt the vociferations of the nomads may have created about these matters.

The notion that Shakespeare's variations of the accent in his $\frac{3}{8}$ time-bar is in any way akin to the "barbarous cacophony" of free verse is equally astounding. In principle, Shakespeare's practice about this was not different from that of other great masters of this measure, but only more skilful, more melodious and more inspired. If he is to be claimed as in any degree a free-verse practitioner, so must Tennyson, Swinburne, Bayard Taylor, Wordsworth, Shelley, Milton and a long line of others. But the suggestion is in every case annihilated by the application of the one simple fact that differentiates the makers of poetry from the artists in sonorous prose. However much Shakespeare may vary his accents, or how easily he may substitute a rest for a note, the time-value of his bar is always the same. Having chosen a $\frac{3}{8}$ measure he scrupulously adheres to it. Every one of his bars has the time-value of three eighth-notes, no more, no less. While, of course, vandalian free verse has the rhythm of prose, to which species of composition it belongs, none of it that I have ever seen would stand this inevitable test. It has no more uniformity of time-bars than has any other variety of prose.

If any of us elect to do so, we can call a ham a cabbage, an apple an oyster and prose poetry, but except for the trick of singularity, as true in one instance as another, no profit would seem to accrue from such excursions; and as for the distinction, we need not be astonished if that produce among our fellows more amusement than admiration. I am, etc.,
Washington, D. C.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

"THE PASSING OF THE GREAT RACE."

SIRS: May an admirer of Mr. Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race" have a little space in your columns in which to answer Mr. Robert H. Lowie's criticism of that book in your issue of 25 January?

It is easy to speak of the "prejudices" of Mr. Grant's "clique" and call them axiomatic. All formulated beliefs—conservative no more than radical—have their axioms. Science has taught us the value and necessity of that, for life would not be long enough for anybody to learn much if a few things could not be accepted as proved—or provable.

Mr. Grant is accused by your reviewer of "flouting" the ideals of "democracy, equality, and universal suffrage," with "vehement and iteration." On the contrary, Mr. Grant speaks always most calmly on these subjects and always gives reason and illustration. It is rather Mr. Lowie who does the "flouting," and he does not—is it because he can not?—answer Mr. Grant's arguments. Why will not some radical, willing to look at both sides of the question, answer Mr. Grant's remarks on pages five and six? I mean the paragraphs beginning, "In the democratic forms of government," and especially the sentence, "A majority must of necessity be inferior to a picked minority and it always resents specializations in which it can not share."

It is hard to see why radicals are so loath to admit the existence of superior individuals, superior races. If certain conditions, sometimes called "privileges," were not desirable, did not raise the individual or the race by permitting the acquisition of learning and all kinds of refinement and cultivation, why the constant desire and effort to give all mankind its share in these privileges? It may or may not be possible to include every one in these happier conditions, it may or may not be just that so many are now without them—these are different questions entirely—but surely in all the visible creation (mineral, vegetable, animal) there are low types and there are types approaching perfection. There is a good deal of painful truth in Mr. Grant's statement on page seventy-eight, that "the chief failing of the day with some of our well meaning philanthropists is their absolute refusal to face inevitable facts, if such facts appear cruel."

Mr. Lowie admits that Mr. Grant freely attributes "supremacy in art" to the Mediterranean race, and wonders how on top of that Mr. Grant can lament "over the obsequies of the Nordics." It is for the very simple reason that while art is great, character is greater; and Mr. Grant and a good many of the rest of us think that race for race, the Nordics show the finer moral characteristics.

Mr. Grant is accused of caring "nothing for human progress." True, he is not a propagandist in any way, he has little or no suggestion of effort to be made, he is occupied merely in stating things as he sees them.

As for calling names, that is open to everybody, though not the most dignified form of criticism. Mr. Lowie's friends have had their turn of being called Germans or pro-Germans, not always justly. Let them have the human satisfaction of throwing back the name at somebody on the other side of the fence. But has Mr. Grant really proved himself a Junker? Would he really "feel at home," as Mr. Lowie suggests, "amidst the rear-alley stilettoings of Cellini's Florence?" If Mr. Grant admired races only for their warlike propensities, he would surely be satisfied on all sides, for none has a monopoly of war. When England and Italy, for instance, were growing up to their full present-day stature, was it only the "blonde beasts" who fought? Indeed, is not all Italian history such a confusion of wars without and within that only the professional historian can make very much of it? The Nordics fight—yes, but they do not fight all the time, and they fight more successfully. After all, the qualities that make for successful war are not altogether different from those that make for successful peace.

Let me give one small illustration, though it will appeal only to dog-lovers. You do not admire a dog just because he fights, but the noblest type of dog is he who fights best—not the timid lap-dog or the peace-loving setter, but the Airedale, who seldom starts a fight, but never refuses one, who fights fair, and never knows when he is punished. I am, etc.,
Plainfield, New Jersey.

AGNES FALES HUNTINGTON.

DR. LOWIE writes: "It is a pleasure to reply to Miss Huntington's courteous remarks. As a professional anthropologist bound to consider Mr. Grant's use of scientific data, I passed the verdict, on which I am willing to stake my professional competence, that Mr. Grant is an ignorant pretender to knowledge he does not possess and to which in part no living soul can lay claim. Apart from his lack of information, he suffers—as ample page-references in my review demonstrate—from a congenital incapacity for logical thinking. As Miss Huntington will infer from my advisedly using the term 'congenital,' I share her belief in individual differences—indeed, emphatically so. It is simply that

the minority I should pick as desirable differs from Mr. Grant's, and possibly from hers also.

"As to the existence of superior races, I am an agnostic open to conviction. All evolutionists admit that at some point an organic change of fundamental significance occurred. It is conceivable that the Bushmen and Negrito Pygmies and Negroes are organically below the remainder of living human types, and that differences of one sort or another even divide more closely related stocks. But between what is conceivable and what is definitely established as a fact there yawns a chasm, and where the scientist has no proof he holds no dogmas, though dispassionately he may frame tentative hypotheses.

The term 'Junker' was assuredly not used to excite nationalistic prejudices but as a fit designation for an international frame of mind.

"Miss Huntington wholly misses my point about the Nordics. It is that Mr. Grant is not a pro-Nordic at all, but masks an adoration of brute-force by the semblance of Nordic propaganda. If the germ-plasm can not change within the historic period and the Scandinavians are the purest Nordics extant, both of which propositions are held by Mr. Grant, why are they spurned for their intellectual anemia? How is such a lapse biologically conceivable? And what does Mr. Grant mean by 'intellectual'? He clearly uses the term 'Nordic' as Fielding's parson speaks of Christianity. When he says 'Nordic' he means 'Anglo-Saxon'; and when he says 'Anglo-Saxon,' he means his own clique—I am sorry I can not in candour use any other expression to voice my meaning accurately. As the most active faculty member of the Scandinavian Club of the University of California, I can not be accused of any prejudice against the Nordic race. But I resent Mr. Grant's apotheosis not of its best, but of its unequivocally worst, specimens. He can never learn, but Miss Huntington perhaps will, that the Danish peasant who redeems the heath and develops co-operative dairying is worth a million picturesquely huge blond princes leading their followers to be 'remorselessly butchered,' in Mr. Grant's delicate phraseology.

"Incidentally, let me call Miss Huntington's attention to the 'cruel inevitable fact' that two can play at the game of practical eugenics and that while a sane Government might in 'maudlin sentimentality' stop short of remorselessly butchering militaristic monomaniacs, it might incarcerate them in asylums for the criminally insane. Junkerism does not always triumph in trials of strength.

"Finally, I must disavow the kind of partisanship Miss Huntington imputes to me. In dealing with the subject of primitive society some time ago, I found it necessary to demolish in part the scheme propounded by Lewis H. Morgan, one of the saints of radicalism, and to laud the conservative Sir Henry Maine. If some Tory shall treat the race-problem with Sir Henry's knowledge and acuity in matters of ancient law, I shall not fail to listen with bowed head. On the other hand, if any radical should attack it with the charlatanism and obtuseness of Mr. Grant, he will not escape castigation at my hands."

BOOKS.**MOLIÈRE AND HIS TIMES.**

AN artist may be approached through his life or through his works, a dramatist through his personal characteristics and experiences or through his plays. In the instance of Molière, whose tercentenary has just been widely celebrated, both methods, and a combination of them, have been employed. Of the American biographers, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, while avowedly interpreting Molière's life by his plays and his plays by his life, leans naturally, as a writer of fiction, to the personal side; and his "Life" foreshadowed the novel, "Fame's Pathway," which, a few years later, depicted Molière's strolling career through the provinces and his earlier days as a manager in Paris. Mr. Brander Matthews (1910), professedly intent on the facts of his hero's life, on his development as a dramatist, and on his relations to his own epoch, chooses a middle course and executes a well-balanced picture. Now comes Mr. Arthur Tilley to stress the plays themselves.¹ It is as "a lover of the comedies for more than forty-five years" that he writes: a brief "life" to begin with, some general considerations to end with, and a systematic study of the separate plays—or most of them—between. His volume combines the handbook with the ceremonial souvenir.

Are Molière's best works comedies at all? By "best" one means not the hasty impromptus thrown together for occasions at court—like "Les Fâcheux," or even "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—but such seriously studied and carefully metrified pieces as "Tartuffe" and "Le Misanthrope." In the opinion of many modern critics Orgon and Alceste are tragic rather than comic characters, and the author's real message is for those who have sufficient insight to detect the tragedy which lies behind the comic mask. We find this note struck often in the current French periodicals.

¹ "Molière." Arthur Tilley. Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press.

Thus in the *Mercure de France*: "Ce comique implique en son fond une vision tragique de la vie. . . . La Comédie de Molière accueille toute la douleur du monde et toute la gravité des problèmes de la vie." And in the *Revue de Paris*: "Cet élan créateur pose des problèmes originaux qui dépassent le problème du comique." Toujours le problème! Alceste is perhaps the crux. Is he a gloomy and self-righteous prig, or is he—as many French critics of standing hold—a being in viewing whom admiration is mingled with pity but not with laughter? Here enters the time-element: other times, other sympathies. Shylock, to the Elizabethans, was a figure of fun. To-day he is a duped and injured alien to whom our pity is due. Similarly, Molière's contemporaries found *Le Misanthrope* "*le plaisant sans être trop ridicule.*" It has remained for the modern day to take him more painfully.

How is a play of Molière, balanced on the line between the serious and the comic, to be presented? The question seems almost to have been settled when, in 1877, the *Comédie Française* gave "*George Dandin*" with all the seriousness that appeared to befit the case of a man who had married "above" him and who was systematically flouted and deceived by his wife; it was given, that is to say, with a full sense of accountability to the actualities of life. The acting was, of course, masterly, but the performance was a failure. The audience found the piece *triste à mourir*, and it was withdrawn after the second night. So completely must a delicately adjusted mechanism keep its own tone and function in its own atmosphere; so necessary is it, in the theatre, to speak, think, and feel in terms of the theatre. *George Dandin* must remain *le mari confondu*, and the vehicle that presents him must continue a farce and not become a true social comedy—still less a somewhat sordid tragedy.

Molière was, in the strictest sense, a man of the theatre; and it seems almost necessary to rescue him from the essayists and from the theorists of a somewhat earlier day. He was not an ignoramus, taught only in the school of experience: he was not an atheist, pupil of the materialistic Gassendi and anathema of Bossuet; he was not a forerunner of socialism and the enemy of the prosperous, nor on the other hand, too assiduous a courtier; he was neither an upholder of bourgeois morality, nor a destroyer of Christian morals. It is important to see him, primarily, as a practical man of the trestles, seizing opportunities as an actor, rather than as an author, and always intent—and necessarily—on interesting and pleasing his contemporaries. If, after that, we view him as unhappy in his domestic life and as warily footing it through a corrupt and often inimical court, we are well along on our way.

"To love comedy," says George Meredith, "you must know the real world, and know men and women well enough not to expect too much of them, though you may still hope for good." But to produce comedy, social conditions must be favourable, and a general social understanding must have been arrived at: society must have come, in some good measure, to be shaped, settled, bounded. Tragedy may haunt the dark, vague void, but comedy inhabits the smoothed and circumscribed clearing. Comedy, as distinguished from farce, is still difficult in America. A wide variety of social life and of social types is hardly enough; neither is it enough to have united broadly on a few simple essentials. Homogeneity of tone is demanded and a rather more detailed unanimity of understanding.

French society, in Molière's time, was shaped, settled and bounded. Perhaps already too much so. Crystallization and formulation had set in unduly, and the grand rough reckoning was to come a hundred years later. Abuses existed to the hand of the *censor morum*: survivals from a mediæval society, and newer growths to be pruned later by the sharp knife of revolution. Molière, as he grew older, found abundant matter to suggest reform. Half of his plays, declares Faguet, are plays with a moral. Yet Molière himself, he hastens to add cautiously, if moral, is only "as moral as experience." Remy de Gourmont, of a freer nature and a more liberalizing mind, finds in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," in "*Tartuffe*," and even in "*Don Juan*," protestations in favour of natural liberty, and against the morality of constraint. Yet to say that Molière counsels merely a trust in nature and a detestation of lies and affectations offers, as Faguet maintains, but a narrow morality and a low-pitched; and from this point of view an English observer is right enough when he says there is little morality in Molière, but that little is sound: "modest and unambitious," declares Mr. Tilley. In fact the ground might as well be shifted from morality to common sense. Morals, derivatively, are manners; and manners imply society and social reactions. Though Molière is, like Shakespeare, supremely interested in character, he is less concerned with its growth and development than with its effect on a man's fellows. In fine, as Mr. Tilley well says, Molière studied man above all things as a social animal—man in his relation to his family, or to that larger organism which is called society. There is society a-plenty in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" and in "*Tartuffe*," but little in "*Macbeth*" or "*Lear*." How do actions affect us—contemporaries—is Molière's constant inquiry.

In the matter of common sense and morality, Mr. Tilley expresses himself, finally, to this effect:

It may be said that common-sense morality is not the highest type of morality, that common sense alone will not make a saint or a hero. This is quite true, and it follows that Molière's morality is not of the highest type. It is only in '*Le Misanthrope*' that we have glimpses of a loftier ideal. But, once more, the answer is that the home of comedy is not on the austere heights, but in the smiling valleys.

The tone of Mr. Tilley's little volume, as may have been gathered, is temperate and composed. His biographical indications are succinct, his final summing-up is just, and his presentation of social conditions is sufficing. As a handbook—a handbook *in excelsis*—for those who would refresh dimming memories of a great French classic, it is well worth attention and a modest, but permanent, place on one's shelves.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A NOVEL OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

MR. HARVEY FERGUSON'S "*The Blood of the Conquerors*"¹ comes as a welcome break in the stereotyped pattern of Western novels. It is an adventure into the little-known world of Spanish New Mexico, a study of the native Mexicans—a people who have been overlooked as material for fiction in favour of cowboys and outlaws and gentlemen of fortune. As one Western novelist has remarked, "About the only use for Mexicans in fiction was to kill them off." Neither are these New Mexico Mexicans any kin to the Ramona type of California Mexicans, who belong to a later century and a softer climate and regime. This New Mexico race is precisely as Mr. Fergusson indicates in his title—the descendants of the *conquistadores*.

¹ "*The Blood of the Conquerors*," Harvey Fergusson, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

dores, a fringe of the old Empire of Spain, flung into the northern valley of the Rio Grande, and left there in comparative isolation by the receding wave of Spanish civilization.

So much it may be necessary for the Eastern reader to realize before he sets out. He may be disappointed, however, if he expects to find in the novel that conflict between "Puritanism and a spacious and ancient civilization" which Mr. H. L. Mencken finds in it. According to Mr. Fergusson himself, the deterioration of the race, the lapse from civilization into a sort of ruthless, animal primitivism, had set in before the advent of the Americans. What he gives us, through the character of his protagonist, the young Mexican, Ramon Delcasar, is a study of the race in decay. But the seeds of decay were hereditary in Ramon's generation, and the American "agents" merely incidental.

Race-distinctions inevitably follow conquest, and the dominant race always claims superiority—whether justly or unjustly. In this instance, as it happens, MacDougall's real-estate grabbing is fully offset by the senior Delcasar's dishonesty over mining-claims; and gambling, drunkenness and murder may indicate a "spacious" civilization, but hardly an advanced one. It may be contended that these are the results of a Puritan American conquest; but Mr. Fergusson does not make this claim, or support it. This is not to say that a case could not be made out against the American invader in favour of the Mexican; but Mr. Fergusson does not make it. Indeed, one weakness of Mr. Fergusson's novel is that he has presented so little of the American side of the picture. The contrast might well have been emphasized between old and new Albuquerque, the old Mexican and the new American "culture"—we should then, perhaps, have had more sympathy for Ramon.

As it is, Mr. Fergusson has simply given us a straightforward, an almost photographic presentation of Ramon Delcasar's life and its native surroundings. One follows it with interest, but with a seldom quickened pulse. What one misses is a certain heft and depth. The book has the dimensions of a novel and the weight of a sketch. This is perhaps because it is a first novel, and hardly more than an expanded short story. As a novel it struggles between history and fiction; and though it may be perfectly reliable as history, as fiction it needs just that more highly organized intensity which the creative imagination should furnish.

One can hardly speak too highly of Mr. Fergusson's presentation of the native atmosphere and landscape—he knows the soil and the people; and it prophesies much for his future that in this first novel presenting new American material, Mr. Fergusson writes as an artist and not as a propagandist. Mr. Fergusson indeed writes exceedingly well; and in him our Middle-Western realists may now recognize a rival. For this is the first novel of the South-west whose purpose is avowedly realistic rather than romantic.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

THE POETRY OF MR. W. B. YEATS.

"I BELIEVE myself to be a dramatist," says Mr. W. B. Yeats in a note to his "Four Plays for Dancers."¹ "I desire to show events and not merely to tell of them." Yet Mr. Yeats seems to lack the peculiar knack of manipulating climax and surprise which makes a dramatist something different from a writer of fiction. In the case of each of his four plays, he has an excellent, a thrilling idea; there is no reason why it should not be dramatic, except that Mr. Yeats does not make it so. Take the play about Christ, for example: here the story is given a novel and interesting turn which might very well be effective on the stage: the Saviour is confronted with three kinds of people whom, not only, he can not save but who do not even want to be saved by him. First Lazarus comes and complains that he has been raised from the dead against

his will; he wanted only solitude and quiet; Christ has nothing for such as he—yet he came and dragged him from his "old comfortable mountain cavern" as boys drag a rabbit from his hole. Then Judas appears and Christ accuses him of doubting that he was God. "Not at all!" Judas replies. "I knew it as soon as I saw you. And that was why I betrayed you: it was because you were all-powerful. I could not bear the thought that you had but to whistle for me to obey. So I betrayed you to be free. And now I know that if a man betrays a God he is the stronger of the two!" Finally, the soldiers come to crucify him: they are "three old gamblers" who ask nothing of him and are entirely well-disposed towards him; they are contented and take even the news that he is God with complete indifference. For all of these Christ has died in vain. "My Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" he cries.

But what Mr. Yeats makes of this is a delightful fable in verse, hardly a play at all. In a play the dramatic value of one side should be played off against the dramatic value of the other; whereas in "Calvary," the unfortunate Christ scarcely exists as a dramatic value; his opponents have it all their own way. The author explains that his object was to "increase the objective loneliness of Christ by contrasting it with a loneliness, opposite in kind, that unlike his, can be, whether joyous or sorrowful, sufficient to itself." But Christ's loneliness is not given weight enough; it is not animated sufficiently to excite us about the struggle. Lazarus and Judas are real, but Christ is the merest lay-figure. It is perhaps really that Mr. Yeats has not enough creative imagination; in a play each one of the characters should command our sympathy in turn; the spirit of the dramatist should possess each one, should make each in turn a centre of consciousness about which the world may revolve. With a little imaginative insight it should surely not be impossible to make Christ a sympathetic figure.

But if these plays do not do much for Yeats the dramatist, they are beyond praise as the work of the great poet whose continued success in living up to his own unapproachable standard remains one of the most extraordinary and least celebrated triumphs of the age. Mr. Yeats is almost the only living poet who really moves at ease among the immortals. Our poets have become self-conscious, because it costs effort to be a poet nowadays, to think in terms of beauty and desire instead of in terms of journalism and commerce. They become premeditatedly queer and wear their cloaks with a slightly defiant air as if they had sought them rather late in life, after dressing respectfully for years, but were now asserting their right to wear them in the teeth of family and friends. But Mr. Yeats is queerer than any of them and he has always been so; yet he wears his cloak with a naturalness and dignity which makes almost every one else seem cheap. He inhabits a world of pure, intense emotions and hard, fine images, which, no matter how prosaic they may become, seem always luminous and noble, as if pale pebbles smoothed by the sea were to take on some mysterious value and became more precious than jewels or gold. The grey stones and thorn bushes of Ireland, presented without curious adornment, become as noble and as natural as the similes in Homer. The fairies with him are as real as the nymphs and gods were with the Greeks: they are not artificial fictions but a reality felt and seen. In the poetry of Mr. Yeats alone, outside of the folk-tales themselves, does one seem to recognize a man who knows the Irish fairies at first hand, who understands the laws of their world and their unseizable point of view. (For Irish fairies are not merely human beings on a smaller scale and with magic powers: they are a different order of beings, existing, as it were, in different dimensions.)

On this bleak grey Irish seashore, in the unearthly world of the fairies, he is a philosopher and a sophisticated man without the slightest incongruity. He takes himself and the world with a Dantesque pride and seriousness—as the style of his later work has become more and more Dantesque also. Yet the philosophy, the seriousness, the sea-gulls and the fairies all seem perfectly natural together

¹ "Four Plays for Dancers." William Butler Yeats, New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00

and never literary poses or conceits. It is the sign of his vocation and his greatness that he can be naturally both serious and simple (though simple in a sense that does not exclude a subtle and polished mind). In the homely and majestic language and the incomparable beauty of these plays we have something which makes the best of M. Maeterlinck seem like pasteboard. There are the same remote, legendary figures, the same undercurrent of profounder meaning, the same sense of secrets withheld, but what in M. Maeterlinck seems fatuous and thin and devoid of local flavour in Yeats becomes solid and moving, a part of life itself.

EDMUND WILSON, jun.

THE VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

ONE of his friends has said of Randolph Bourne that he was "smitten with an unappeasable nostalgia for the Beloved Community." Like all others before him who have been in love with the future, he died, "not having received the promises but having seen them and having greeted them afar off." Bourne was a sign and a foreshadowing—not alone of "the American future" but of the awakening youth of the world. Some day, not far off, the confused yearnings for a City of God which are emerging out of the chaos round about us will fuse into a single vision that shall infallibly translate desire into resolution.

When we have made due allowance for Henry Adams's overdone preoccupation with himself, we find in the contrast of "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" with "The Education" a point of some urgency in this connexion. Perhaps the historian of 2500 A.D. will endorse Adams's judgment; and if he does not describe the four centuries that have passed since the final disruption of the mediæval synthesis as the second "dark age," he might easily be tempted to call them the twilight age. For, by and large, Henry Adams is right—they have been centuries of disintegration; and except in scientific discovery and mechanical invention have little achievement to show comparable to those of the Middle Ages at their best. Read Otto Giercke's "Political Theories of the Middle Ages" (in F. W. Maitland's translation) and you will see how deeply the idea of unity governed the mind and heart of the period. The Holy Roman Empire, that single society with its two sides, Church and State, and its two heads, Pope and Emperor, was an attempt to give outward and visible expression to this ideal of unity; and whatever defects and failures in performance may have to be allowed for, the whole immense enterprise stands out as the most splendid and sustained effort to realize the *civitas Dei* here in this world. The characteristic human bias to backslide from inspiration to formulation, from the inner impulse to the outward sanction, combined with the effect of certain inherent contradictions of theory, proved to be the undoing of the mediæval unity, as it has been the blighting of many another fair promise; and since the passing of the great dream of the Middle Ages, mankind has been drifting on the high seas without chart or compass. It has tried many "dead-reckonings"—the fetish of Progress, the Absolute State, Political Democracy, the cult of Empire and Prosperity—and has reached no abiding harbour; and every religious revival since that day—Protestantism, Puritanism, Evangelicalism, Tractarianism—has been a desperate effort to recapture the lost vision. During all this time, moreover, we observe also the truncated Church—from the Counter-Reformation to the Decree of Papal Infallibility—seeking with a pathetic futility to restore the ancient unity by a process which only shatters it the more.

The incurability of the human nostalgia for a City of God may be understood if we recall the vast range of the literature which has set out to describe it. Plato's "Republic" and the Johannine "Apocalypse," St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" and More's "Utopia," the interesting Puritan "Nova Solyma" and Andreae's "Christianopolis," William Blake's "Jerusalem" and William Morris's "News from Nowhere"—to name but a few entries in the catalogue—are, each in its own way, essays in the portraiture of the Beloved Community. Perhaps the real clue to the

philosophy of history is that the human spirit has not desisted from its search "for a better country, that is, a heaven-like"; in the faith that "God hath prepared for it a city." In times of despair, it has, like St. Augustine, looked for its city beyond the "bound of the waste" of time and place; in times of hope, it has, like William Blake, seen the walls of the new Jerusalem rising in some "green and pleasant land." But its face has ever been set towards a social existence of peace and freedom and harmony. Even Karl Marx's economic interpretation of history is but a version of the human Odyssey in terms of bread and cheese.

These are the reflections that come to one's mind as one reads Dr. Neville Figgis's posthumous work.¹ The recent death of Dr. Figgis was a loss almost irreparable to scholarship, and especially to the scholarship of the English-speaking world. In one field he stood not merely supreme but almost alone: his special task was to trace the beginnings and the growth of modern political ideas, especially in their bearing upon the freedom of persons and societies, through the vast wilderness of mediæval writings. Through this wilderness and beyond it he blazed a trail in his books, "From Gerson to Grotius," "The Divine Right of Kings," "Churches in the Modern State"; but neither Figgis nor anyone else who has studied the Middle Ages could escape discovering the enormous influence of St. Augustine. Of the latter's writings two are pre-eminent, the "Confessions" and "The City of God." Figgis, in his last book, the Pringle-Stewart Lectures at Oxford, endeavours to assess how far and in what way "The City of God" affected the political thought and practice of the Middle Ages, and what therefore their influence is upon later times.

I have lately re-read "The City of God"; and the experience was worth while. There are in it large arid tracts of dead dialectic; and a good deal of it is no more than high-class journalism. It was essentially a *livre de circonstance*. In form and in purpose, however, "The City of God" was a flaming apologetic; and if there are any who still suppose it to be a dusty and impertinent document, they should read it and discover for themselves how quiveringly modern it is in this *post-bellum* year 1922.

It would take us too far afield to discuss the general problems of the work. Our concern is with its political aspects. Augustine's thesis is that there are two cities, two societies (*civitates*), one of the earth, earthly, the other, eternal in the heavens. The earthly society is the political State, the society of the unregenerate; the heavenly society is the City of God, the community of the redeemed. Now, the City of God is other-worldly; but it has citizens still in the flesh who constitute the Church, the earthly promise and counterpart of the eternal city. It is true that they are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," but they are also entangled in the earthly society. They have a dual connexion and therefore a dual loyalty. So here we are, in the thick of the Church-and-State problem.

Augustine's position concerning the State is somewhat ambiguous. On one side he regards it as a product of sin. "The first founder of a State was a fratricide," he says, referring to Cain, with a pertinent allusion to Romulus. On the other side he regards it as being within the divine providence; and some subtle but not convincing dialectic is employed to resolve this paradox. But really Augustine gave his case away when he said that a citizen of the heavenly City might be the ruler of the earthly; and there is some room to suppose that Charlemagne's grandiose dream was evoked by the famous passage, known as the "Mirror of Princes," in which Augustine describes the virtues of the Christian Prince. In any case, Augustine's doctrine of the City struck deep root; but in the dawn of the Middle Ages, a time of hope, its other-worldly character somewhat faded away; and the "pilgrim city of God," while it still acknowledged its heavenly destiny, took permanent lodgings in the earth. It was of course identified with the Church, and, since the political

¹"The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's 'City of God.'" I. Neville Figgis. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50.

State was governed by a Christian prince, what more natural than a mating of the two societies? The unregenerate State could be baptized and sanctified by grace of the Church, and be made a fit mate for the "bride of Christ." So grew the doctrine of the one Society, with its two heads; and save for a few tranquil intervals, the political history of the society is taken up with the squabbles of its heads, Pope and Emperor. The mating was so incongruous that it was foredoomed to rupture; and it was the glamour of the dream and what William James calls our "emotional response to the idea of oneness" that enabled it to live as long as it did. But it let loose upon the world a series of troubles which are not yet at an end.

It is probable, however, that not less than that of the vision of the City of God is the importance of the thought that took its rise from Augustine's doctrine of the equality of the citizens of the City of God. *Proximus homini est omnis homo.* Whether prince or pauper in the earthly city, every man stands on the same footing in the "heavenly." But in the "one society," this collocation of equality and inequality among the same persons was a paradox that could not be tolerated. And since the earthly city with its inequalities was the product of human sin, the doctrine of equality, having more respectable ancestry, had the advantage in the ensuing discussion. So that we begin to find the modern democratic idea emerging—as, for instance, in Aquinas who (though not quite consistently) vests sovereignty in the people. William of Ockham and Nicholas of Cusa preached a doctrine of representative government, while Marsilius of Padua flowered into something like republicanism. In line with this development was Gerson's attempt to democratize the Church at the Council of Constance. Throughout the fifteenth century, says Giercke, "frequent recourse was had to the People's Sovereignty, as a first principle, until that principle, assuming a popular form, penetrated more and more deeply the mass of the folk and at length took flesh and blood in the revolutions which were accomplished or projected during the age of the Reformation."

It is useless to speculate what might have happened had Gerson prevailed at Constance. What we know is that the institutional tendency to centralization and the growth of the idea of popular sovereignty were fated to clash, as in due time they did, leaving the *disjecta membra* of Church and State a sorry spectacle. And out of the conflict came a confusion of new beginnings—the national State, religious individualism, and a general impulse of particularism and consequent disintegration which achieved its tragical climax in the great war.

For the rest, it is of some interest to recall two points of modern interest in Augustine. In these days when we speak gravely of a League of Nations, it is not impertinent to remark Augustine's doctrine of a World of Small States, living in harmony and mutual service; and there can be little doubt that Grotius, first of international jurists, was heavily in Augustine's debt. The second point is Augustine's repudiation of the Roman (and alack! the modern) doctrine of "absolute property," a repudiation which it seems pretty certain that a generation not far off will share.

R. R.

SHORTER NOTICES.

In the foreword to "Cotswold Characters,"¹ Mr. Drinkwater says, apropos of the architecture of that most charming part of the English country-side: "It is not a question of copying with skill a fine tradition gone by. Here we have, rather, the real life which consists of a personal contribution to a tradition which has never died out." This phase of the life of Cotswold, and of its old characters, is what Mr. Drinkwater has sought to present in these sketches, and by the sincerity and simplicity of the telling he has made a graceful and sympathetic picture. The sturdy character of the people, the firm qualities of mind and body which have preserved them from the disintegrating effects of life in other rural sections of England—these have been caught in swift, significant moments, and set down with a poet's restraint.

L. B.

¹ "Cotswold Characters." John Drinkwater. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.40.

As "a traveller in little things," Mr. W. H. Hudson's chief commodity is the English country-side and in particular the English village²; and he manages to convey to the reader some of the savour that rural life in England must have had before land-enclosures gave a basis for the wretched pictures that Cobbett and Goldsmith painted in the decay of their times. Mr. Hudson understands that the village had a set of simple values which are still valid in their own right; there was neighbourliness and common understanding and a profound harmony between men and their local habitation. It is unjust, however, to describe Mr. Hudson's little sketches in the jargon of sociology; and it is enough to say that he talks about these English villages, and their inhabitants, as an understanding peasant might talk of them, and not as a cockney, who either sentimentally idealizes their factitious qualities or contemptuously dismisses the whole scheme of existence with a curt reference to the dullard and the dung-heaps. A sense of keen delight pervades Mr. Hudson's present collection of stories and sketches, and for those of us who think of country life in terms of crabbed little settlements, consisting of a railway-station, and an hotel with an enamelled iron sign advertising the ice-cream of the nearest city, and two gaunt wooden churches scowling dissent at each other from opposite corners of the street, and a dribble of dreary houses, and a smear of posters left behind by the most recent travelling burlesque show; in short, for those of us who think of life in the country-side with a debased American village as the focal point of social activity, Mr. Hudson's appreciation of a mellower age is sanitizing and refreshing.

L. C. M.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, and in epochs when art is at a low ebb it matters very little whether a given artist has undergone the most favourable or the most adverse conditions. Perhaps it is this that accounts for the self-confidence that John Trumbull reveals in his Autobiography: the painter of the American Revolution went to Europe to study and stayed there for several years, but his account of that experience, and particularly of his earlier days at home, has little in common with the stories of so many other American artists who, born in a later epoch, have felt that they were handicapped for life. At that time painting had everywhere a political tinge; and if you were a good patriot and had behind you a good national cause, and if, in addition to this, you knew the classics and were able to choose or adapt the appropriate heroic subject, you spoke a universal language; you had only to be a fairly competent craftsman in order to stand up beside the best. Louis David whispered on his death-bed that he alone was able to conceive the head of Leonidas; but the thought would not have occurred to him if half the painters of his generation had not attempted to do so. And the beauty of heads of Leonidas is that they can be conceived anywhere, especially if one's own country has just been declaring its independence. A letter to a certain dealer, "aided by the sight of my pictures," writes Trumbull, plausibly enough, apropos of an episode of his thirtieth year, "made me known to all the principal artists and connoisseurs in Paris." Why should he have repined at "conditions," a child of his age like that?

THUS, although he was a very indifferent painter, Trumbull had a free mind; he breathed the air of the eighteenth century, and thanks to this he describes with a perfect candour and detachment the circumstances of a young American artist of the Revolutionary period. He was a son of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, and therefore, in spite of his father's failure as a merchant, he had most of the advantages that were open to a colonial New Englander. His sisters had gone to school in Boston and one of them had learned to draw: she had painted in oil two heads and a landscape that were hung in the parlour at Lebanon, and these he copied, covering the sanded floors with his rude sketches. At six he could read Greek, and with this and Rollin's histories he soon became familiar with the names of Phidias and Apelles; later, on a visit to Boston, he was

² "A Traveller in Little Things." W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

taken to see Copley, whose paintings, he says, "the first I had ever seen deserving the name, riveted, absorbed, my attention, and renewed all my desire to enter upon such a pursuit." When, in the Harvard College Library, he found Jesuit's "Perspective Made Easy," Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty" and a set of Piranesi's prints of Roman ruins, together with "a view of Vesuvius in eruption, painted in Italy," his cup ran over. He learned the books by heart, he copied the diagrams, he made two copies of the Mount Vesuvius—"first with water-colours, on vellum, small; and afterwards in oil, the size of the original." He also copied an engraving of "Rebecca at the Well," so successfully contriving the colours from his own imagination that Copley himself commended the work. New England had given him little, could give him little; but of all periods in the history of modern art that was perhaps the one during which a provincial origin was the least of a drawback.

Just then the Revolution broke out, and Trumbull, with the characters of Brutus, Paulus Aemilius and the Scipios, as he tells us, fresh in his remembrance, formed a company of his own. Soon, however, having attracted the notice of Washington by some plans he had drawn of the British fortifications near Boston, he received an appointment as the general's second aide-de-camp. Thus he had some part in the war that so many of his pictures were to represent, but it was not for long; he left the army, went to Paris on a business venture and finally crossed to London to take up his profession again. And here we encounter one of those aspects of the warfare of the past that are so different from anything we know to-day. In the midst of the Revolution London was full of Americans, not all of them loyalists by any means: yet although it was known that Trumbull had been a member of Washington's staff he was not molested until news had arrived of the death of André: and even then, imprisoned for a winter at the instigation of his own Tory countrymen, he was free to do pretty much as he liked, to paint and receive his friends, and to have a comfortable room and a garden to walk in. The American Benjamin West was not yet president of the Royal Academy, but he had, although he was anything but a zealous loyalist, the post of historical painter to the King: and Copley was there, and Gilbert Stuart as well. Indeed it might almost be said that, such as it was, the American school of the Revolutionary period had its headquarters, throughout the Revolution, in the centre of the enemy's country. It adds to the piquancy of this fact that the art which these painters practised, far from being *au-dessus de la mêlée*, was political in the highest degree.

Not always overtly, of course. The style in vogue was the grand style, and the grand style took one back to the ancients, and the ancients bred thoughts of political freedom. When David tried to paint a Jesus Christ and found that he had succeeded only in painting another Cato, he exclaimed that it showed how little inspiration there was left in Christianity; it would have been more to the point had he said that he was obsessed by the ideas of the Revolution. Trumbull's battle-pieces and Stuart's portraits were produced by a similar impulse, and even West's historical scenes, officially correct as they were, sprang out of a nationalism that the Revolution had quickened. But so far as Christianity comported with the grand style it was not forgotten by the Anglo-Americans, far from it; they adored Rome (Brutus, Paulus Aemilius and the Scipios) but it was a Rome that had come down to them through Raphael and Guido Reni. When Trumbull made his first call upon West, the latter asked him to look about his studio and choose the picture that he would most like to copy. "I selected," says Trumbull, "a beautiful small round picture of a mother and two children. Mr. West looked keenly at me, and asked, 'Do you know what you have chosen?' 'No, sir.' That, Mr. Trumbull, is called the *Madonna della Sedia*, the *Madonna of the Chair*, one of the most admired works of Raphael. The selection of such a work

is a good omen.'" If we had been asked to guess what picture *would* have been in Benjamin West's studio for Trumbull to paint, we should have hit upon this without a moment's hesitation. It was the touchstone of the whole school, and one might almost say that to have learned to imitate it was to be a made man.

TRUMBULL had this good fortune, at any rate; he mastered the formula, and modest as his career was he moved, within that scale, from triumph to triumph. "I have no hesitation," West remarked, when he had finished his copy of the *Madonna della Sedia*, "to say that Nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities: nothing more is necessary but careful and assiduous cultivation." From the Raphael he went on to Correggio's *St. Jerome*, of which he says that it is "universally regarded as one of the three most perfect works in existence." It was a most difficult undertaking, but of this again he is able to speak with satisfaction; and before he had left London he was not only well advanced in his own original work but had received from Reynolds himself what must have been for him an accolade. He was still painting in West's house, and Reynolds came there one evening to dine: "When he entered the room," says Trumbull, "he immediately ran up to my picture. 'Why, West, what have you got here? This is better coloured than your works are generally.' 'Sir Joshua' (was the reply) 'you mistake. That is not mine: it is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull.'" The picture was "*The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker Hill*," and who does not remember having seen it in one of those old mildewed engravings for the execution of which our painter again betook himself to Paris? It was there that he had that other little triumph, there that he became "known to all the principal artists and connoisseurs." And we can believe him even though he does speak with a touch of complacency. He exhibited his battle-pictures; and subject for subject, since it was the age of the subject, half of his French contemporaries had nothing better to show.

IN England and France he had thus, at the age of thirty, and for all the narrow conditions of his youth, found himself launched on the high seas. Charles James Fox had helped to get him out of prison and Edmund Burke had given him paternal advice: he had told him that as he belonged to a young nation that would soon want public buildings he would do well to study architecture in order to have a hand in the erection of works that he might afterwards decorate. He had had the luck in London to fall in with a friendly banker who advanced him enough money to set him securely on his feet. He had had his hour in Paris. Above all, the first president of the Royal Academy had praised him over the head of the second president. He had reason, in the spirit of the times, to return to his own country with a certain confidence. Some years before, he had presented his case to his father, dwelling upon "the honours paid to artists in the glorious days of Greece and Athens." The old governor listened patiently and replied that his son's eloquence only confirmed his opinion that, with proper study, he should make a respectable lawyer. Then he added: "You appear to forget, sir, that Connecticut is not Athens." But his father never again opened his lips on the subject and Trumbull seems to have met with no further opposition. As the painter of the Revolution he had come in with a high tide; fortune favoured him, and he could say to himself that, since the subject was everything, he, with such a subject as that, and with a sufficiently competent brush, had no cause to envy his contemporaries in the Old World.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Book of American Negro Poetry," edited by James Weldon Johnson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.25.

"A Musical Tour Through the Land of the Past," by Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50.

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An enthusiastic Latin.

LONG live your radical magazine. I have been a constant reader of your most wonderful and educational publication for one year, and hereby renew my subscription for the ensuing year, and as a mark of good faith and praise for your most highly educational work I send you a new subscription.

Portsmouth, Ohio. T. P.

A pleasant overtone.

SINCE Beata Stupiditas so insinuatingly presides over university ritual, I am enclosing my cheque for a year's subscription to the *Freeman* which I confidently expect to bring me once each week the vigorous expression of unembarrassed thinking. I have read not more than a dozen issues of the *Freeman*: but I have found these so resonant of good sense, if unharmonious with the Pennsylvania hinterland, that I'm quite ready to commit myself for a year to its scheme of orchestration.

State College, Pa. A. L. C.

Disillusioned but appreciative.

I KNOW of no better way to begin the new year than to subscribe for the *Freeman*. In the provinces it is considered the rankest kind of apostasy to declare oneself fed up with liberalism. To say that some of our journals of opinion are funnier than *Life* is considered a witticism rather than an earnest expression of the truth. The *Freeman* lays itself open to no such scorn. Nor has it the defect that has killed off so many radical periodicals. I refer to the radical prepossession with noise and finalities, with the conviction that their kind of truth is irreconcilable with any charm of presentation.

Rochester, N. Y. S. C.

We are a good sport!

IT has been some time since I last saw a copy of you and I begin to wonder if it wouldn't be well to take you on for another round or so. Truth to tell, the sledding through college isn't so easy and the pennies have to be weighed rather carefully. Of course, I don't agree with you—wouldn't you be just a bit disappointed if anybody did—but I do like you and enjoy you very much. You're a pretty good sport, and that's a redeeming feature in man and beast. I only wish some of your contemporaries, both radical and conservative, might become imbued with some of your spirit.

Bryn Athyn, Pa. P. C. P.

The Anglophilic Freeman.

THE only objection I have to the *Freeman* is opposing, out of stand-patism, the accepted spelling in America of such words as "labor" because some Englishmen have not adopted the sensible reform.

Somerset, Pa. E. E. K.

A protest.

KEEP up the good work. I wish, however, to protest against the use of so many foreign words and quotations, as I do not understand them.

Cheney, Wash. C. B. W.

"Q. R." says:

"The Freeman of New York comes to me each week, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the best written weeklies I read."

No causerie is more interesting than the literary paragraphs from London which appear under the above initials in the *Christian Science Monitor* every week.

Their savour partakes of the quality of Q. R.'s conversations, for he is living proof that conversation is *not* a lost art, as his many American friends know.

Thousands of readers are aware that Q. R. is C. Lewis Hind, and some may remember the *FREEMAN*'s review of his most recent books, "Art and I" and "Authors and I," in our issue of 17 August, 1921. Mr. Hind's distinguished record as author, editor, connoisseur and critic is such as to make his praise of the *FREEMAN* a gratifying thing.

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